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PATRIOTISM BEFORE PROFITS

Editorial Foreword

THE LEGION LOBBY — that is, the National Legislative Committee of the American Legion and its executive Colonel John Thomas Taylor — has won another signal victory over the American people. There is still time for citizens of good will to face the coming autumn elections and administer decisive defeat at the polls to all Congressional slaves of veterans' propaganda coming up for re-election. The Legion Lobby must be curbed.

Ballots can check effectively the cowardice of Congress and this mounting abuse of the theory of war pensions which adds year after year to the burden of the peace-loving taxpayer. By 1931, 193,286 veterans of the Spanish-American War alone were on our pension rolls, of which number only 869 were there for disabilities connected with the War. Even the history of ancient Rome contains no record of largesse to a privileged class comparable to that which we dispense in the name of our war veterans.

II

ON MARCH 28, 1934, all friends of national economy sustained a new shock when Congress voted over the veto of President Roosevelt another increase in benefits to enlisted men and rewrote the insidious theory of "presumption." The huge snowball of appropriations for veterans and their kin checked so bravely a year ago by President Roosevelt began again to roll up the taxes of the American people. Nearly ten years had passed since May 19, 1924, when another Congress voted over the veto of another president the infamous Adjusted Compensation Act. The Adjusted Compensation Act was our first national enactment placing patriotism on a mercenary basis. The intervening years witnessed the passage of such a host of pro-veteran bills that they would require an encyclopedia to describe — a tribute to the indefatigable energy of Colonel Taylor. These measures grant bounties of all sorts to service men and their families. The farcical retirement of emergency officers on munificent pensions, the luxurious care in hospitals of enlisted men who never saw active service and were afflicted with ailments real or imaginary but in no way connected with war are but a few exhibits of the legislative triumphs of the Legion Lobby. And what of widows of the World War? What fabulous total of salaries may not the Legion Lobby extract for these privileged ladies in the course of time when one remembers that widows of the veterans of 1812 are still on our pension rolls and that the last Revolutionary widow survived until 1910?

The National Legislative Committee of the Legion has been able to make good the boast of

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the *Manual for American Legion Speakers* in 1920:

> The Legion is not ashamed of the record of its committee. . . . It has extracted from Congress, in the way of beneficent legislation and appropriations for ex-service purposes, in one year, more than the Yanks of '61–'65 were able to get in thirty years and more than the Spanish-American veterans in ten.

From 1921 to 1932 the proportion of total government expenditures devoted to veterans' benefits rose from 13.2 to 24 per centum. What a heritage of increasing debt to hand on to our peace-loving children!

Three successive presidents — Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt — have raised their voices against exploitation in the name of patriotism. Three presidents have vetoed veterans' bills only to have them passed over their vetoes by Congress. What does this mean? It indicates that the executive thought more of the record of history, more of the good of the nation than of his own hope of re-election. Members of Congress on the other hand, with the whispers of lobbyists in their ears, thought first of the coming elections and the threat of the veteran vote.

The Legion racket is not confined to political banditry. One of the obnoxious sights on city streets to-day is a Hearst truck occupied by hard-visaged members of a Legion post collecting signatures to a petition against participation in the League of Nations and the World Court. In a recent broadcast Edward A. Hayes, National Commander of the American Legion, publicly expressed his gratitude to Mr. Hearst for his help against the League. Of course any citizen has a right to object to the World Court; what we protest against is the brazen effrontery of organizations who rule out as unpatriotic every generous attempt to consider ways and means of implementing peace. America is sick of hard-boiled selfishness. Even the Legion Constitution contains the phrase "to promote peace and good will on earth."

Happily the voice of the church has been raised against the iniquity of the Legion Lobby. On March 18, 1934, Dr. W. Russell Bowie denounced the Lobby from the pulpit of historic Grace Church in New York City. Within a few weeks his stand had been endorsed by many of the outstanding clergymen of America. "I believe," said Dr. Bowie, "there is no more sinister and deadly cancer upon the body of American life to-day than the activities of the lobby of the American Legion. That organization, conceived originally in the atmosphere of great ideals, has become in its main activities a shameless political banditry. Year by year since the war ended it has been pushing its claims in Washington, notwithstanding the opposition of every president, whether Republican or Democrat, and has so whipped into line its subservient majorities among the political cowards of Congress that it can boast of never having set up an objective which it did not reach."

III

President Roosevelt in his veto repeated these principles: "The first principle, following inevitably from the obligation of citizens to bear arms, is that the government has a responsibility for and toward those who suffered injury or contracted disease while serving in its defense. The second principle is that no person, because he wore a uniform, must thereafter be placed in a special class of beneficiaries over and above all other citizens."

A practical way to curb the cowardice of Congress in perpetually cringing before this implacable lobby is to prove at the polls that subservience to the Legion does not insure re-election. Let some of the righteous anger of Dr. Bowie's sermon arouse patriots of decency — veterans and non-veterans alike — to prevent the re-election of Senators and Congressmen, whether Republican or Democratic, who stampeded for the Lobby and overrode the last presidential veto. The time has come for the voters to administer to this lobby, as they have other lobbies in the past, a vigorous check at the polls.

The Forum calls for volunteers. The Editor offers his own services as stump speaker free to any efficient campaign manager who is organizing to defeat a "bonus" congressman for re-election. Wire for reservations!

Carthago delenda est. The Legion Lobby must be destroyed. Colonel John Thomas Taylor must be invited to evacuate Capitol Hill. His Senators and Congressmen who overrode the third presidential veto must not be re-elected.

Henry Goddard Leach

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CLEAR THE AIR!

A Listeners' Guide to a Radio Revolution

BY CYRUS FISHER

ENOUGH CRITICAL sandbags have been hurled at the existing corporate structure of American broadcasting to maim severely any ordinary two-by-four nuisance sprouting in the forty-eight states. Unfortunately our sponsored radio system is something more than a nuisance to be changed into a noble medium of culture and public uplift through well-intentioned turns of a prayer wheel. Most of those who offer modern improvements to this curious and irresponsible system are immediately disillusioned. They make the lachrymose discovery that the astute and amiable gentlemen who have so stoutly entrenched the sponsored system shed the most sanguine denunciations as imperturbably as a well-oiled duck shakes off the effects of an April shower.

It wasn't a professional crusader or radio critic but a discerning showman, Mr. Eddie Dowling, who was the first to indicate a realistic procedure against a system leaking so many unwashed odors through our loud-speakers. In last February's FORUM Mr. Dowling cunningly suggested that what the radio needed was a revolution.

Admittedly Mr. Dowling attempted to prove that all the trouble in the air was caused by a practical monopoly held by the large chains. He quoted cause and effect. He produced a solid demonstration for his case against the chains. But his case is only one out of a number of grievances applied to the sponsored system, all equally prophylactic. During the past five years some one hundred and twenty gentlemen have taken space in various journals publicly to hold their noses over the mess of cabbage ground into microphones. They have consigned the following reasons for their just irritation:

1. The present American radio system is supported entirely by the sponsor. If the obliging and complaisant sponsor were suddenly to become virtuous and relinquish his alliance with the bastard offspring of the entertainment and public-utilities industries the American listening public would be left with a one-billion-eight-hundred-million-dollar investment in radio receiving sets rusting silently in eighteen million disconsolate homes.

2. The sponsor pays an outrageous price for talent, production, and transmission of his programs. The price is necessarily steep because every sponsored opus must earn its own board and that of three or four sustaining programs. The sponsor, whatever he is, can hardly maintain an altruistic attitude with ravenous stockholders clawing his coat tails. The sponsor's program must sell the sponsor's wares. The sponsor therefore demands and receives the right to dictate what should go into his programs. Art and genius can be damned and yelp in perdition for all the effect upon the sponsor when confronted by profit-and-loss columns.

3. The radio audience has no effective voice in the selection of radio programs. A brilliant sustaining program may be arbitrarily yanked out and replaced by a commercial tintype, despite the inarticulate bellowings of a million listeners. This has frequently happened in the past; under the present system it will again. A station has to make a profit. Not until the profit is nailed down can the station afford to unbend to the listeners.

4. The Federal Radio Commission is controlled by a group of zymotic conservatives hostile to any change in the sponsored system. They are stuffed with that peculiar dropsical righteousness afflicting many bureaucrats. For the "public good," as they obligingly term it, they will not hesitate to muzzle a station or speaker deviating from the pestilent stupidity, in ideas and manners, of the pre-Coolidge era. The honorable members of the Commission have no conception of their duties to the radio public. At least a third of the eight hundred going stations regularly pollute the air with morbid and septic advertising, fortune tellers, stargazers, blue-sky racketeers, sex spiels, and ex-medicine-show barkers, without the slightest resistance on the part of the Commission.

5. Under private control and operation of broadcasting a few radio stars and radio stations derive an enormous income. However, most radio artists receive totally inadequate wages — as low as five dollars a broadcast. And at least sixty per cent of the broadcasting stations are on the verge of bankruptcy.

6. Educators of prominence insist that not enough time or consideration is given to educational programs. Sponsored programs naturally are allocated

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to the most favorable hours of broadcasting. Educational programs, like the poor, receive the scraps.

7. Eight hundred broadcasting stations produce approximately one thousand five hundred separate programs during a year. These programs duplicate each other. In New York, for example, during one hour in the evening you can tune in five comedians, all from as many stations, each busily employed in lighting similar puns. Later on, if you have a powerful set, you will be able to fetch fourteen different jazz bands from an equal number of stations. And so it goes.

8. Finally, the broadcasting chains follow the hallowed examples of the public-utility corporations, flooding the country with smoothly fashioned propaganda to maintain the sponsored system. As long as this massed and unified propaganda counteracts the individual efforts of a few articulate listeners the possibilities of improving the actual radio structure are about as promising as those of a CWA worker receiving dividends on stock issued by Mr. Insull before touring the Mediterranean.

There is enough woe distilled in the above eight paragraphs to indicate that the sacred institution of sponsored broadcasting contains a number of defects. Usually a system grows, expands, changes with the times. The present beneficiaries are so convinced of their sanctimonious destiny that the idea of progress and adaption to the requirements of the period we are living in is met with urbane hoots and the suavest of catcalls.

II

THAT IS why I believe that when Mr. Dowling momentarily stood off from his own fragment of wrong he unloosed an idea of disturbing proportions: Radio requires a revolution.

Any revolutionist worthy of his card and grip knows that sporadic criticism, no matter how logically delivered, is merely the starting point of a first-class rebellion. I propose, consequently, that Mr. Dowling's worthy suggestion be advanced past the state of an individual affirmation of injustice. A revolution is an organized movement. Only an organized movement of opinion can make any indentation on the pious spread of the sponsored system.

A listeners' guide to revolution will gain quicker acceptance with an active and partisan cabal to uphold it. The following outline I believe already has an able group of supporters located in strategic points — embryonic propaganda cells — throughout the country. I should not say that the outline as presented meets with unqualified approval. But the underlying principles have been partially accepted.

THE FORUM sent out a questionnaire to three hundred and eighty of the most competent radio critics in the United States. The questionnaires were mailed to every city and important town in the forty-eight states. There were four questions and two hundred and sixty-five returns:

1. Are you unqualifiedly in favor of the "American System" of broadcasting as it stands to-day?

One hundred and seventy-six replied that they were not unqualifiedly in favor of the present American system. Eighty-eight stated that as far as they were concerned no complaints could be offered. One was unable to decide.

2. Do you believe there is need to have the "American System" improved so that the listening public could have a more direct concern and voice in the choice of radio programs?

One hundred and eighty-four of these gentlemen who make a profession of judging the quality and content of radio programs wrote "Yes" to this question. Seventy-two were dead set against any change. Nine were undecided.

3. Are you in favor of government control of broadcasting? Government control *and* ownership of broadcasting?

One hundred and seventy-seven believed in government control against eighty-two bitter-enders who declared "No." Six couldn't decide. However, only forty-two favored government ownership as well as control. Two hundred and fifteen lined up solidly against public ownership and eighteen were unable to make up their minds.

4. Would you favor a plan for revising the present "American System" if such a plan could give the public greater interest and control than at present in the selection of programs and still permit the inclusion of unobjectionable (in time and content) commercials?

This was the crucial question. Two hundred and two came out with a straight, undiluted "Yes." Fifty-six wrote "No" and let it go at that. Three wobbled a little, either checking the "Yes" square and then adding a dubious question mark or writing in the margin that

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they would favor such a plan while reserving the right to qualify their approval after examining it. Four stated they would have to see the plan before committing themselves.

III

THE PROPOSED plan and method of action jumps from the following springboard: The average listener is convinced that he is singularly blessed. Although he finds nothing abnormal in the process of paying for a seat at a cinema, a stage production, a concert, or even at an exhibition of a two-headed calf in a sideshow, the suggestion that he pay for his radio entertainment is difficult to stomach.

The radio master minds, oozing virtue at every pore, have done a first-rate publicity job in persuading the owner of a radio set that he receives free radio entertainment. Mr. H. O. Davis is a gentleman whom someone in Radio City would do well to poison. He has led several damaging statistical forays which have drawn blood from the sponsored system, one offering evidence which helps to explode the idea that radio entertainment can be listed among nature's free blessings to the American public.

Mr. Davis presents the fact, substantiated by Mr. Tracy Tyler, Secretary to the National Committee on Education by Radio, that while we spend four hundred million dollars a year buying and operating receiving sets, during the same year only fifty million dollars are consumed in producing and distributing radio programs. American listeners pay eight times the costs of producing and distributing the so-called free entertainment.

It can hardly imply any lack of charity on the part of the listener if only an inconsequential proportion of the four hundred million dollars seeps into the pockets of radio-station owners. Not one of the sets bought is worth a tinker's dam if there are no programs to pull in. Sets are the means to listen to broadcast entertainment; they have the same defined relation to radio broadcasts as the seats in a theater have to a stage or motion-picture production.

Yet the manufacturer has the awful impudence to assume that his function to the listener is completed when the set is installed. Accordingly the manufacturer retains the full purchase price, spends nothing on program upkeep, and smugly sides in with the executives of the broadcasting industry who go to a third person — the sponsor — for expenses incurred in furnishing material to supply the receiving set.

This is all very sweet and simple for the manufacturer. I imagine many theatrical and motion-picture producers wish they operated under such a benevolent system. If they could permit the owner of the theater to retain all the money collected from you and then go to advertisers and contract with them to furnish the funds for mounting the play or cinema there would be fewer headaches in Hollywood and on Broadway.

Italy, France, Germany, Austria, Australia, Belgium, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Canada, Danzig, Denmark, the Dutch Indies, Esthonia, Finland, Great Britain, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, India, Ireland, Japan, Latvia, Lithuania, Morocco, Norway, Portugal, Palestine, Poland, Roumania, South Africa, Switzerland, Sweden, Turkey, and Yugoslavia all have sources of radio revenue derived either exclusively or partially from radio listeners. Of the fifty-nine * countries with broadcasting facilities only Chile, Cuba, Luxembourg, Mexico, Uruguay, and the United States can afford the luxury of "free" broadcasts, with revenue entirely dependent upon the generosity of advertisers. Thirteen nations, on the other hand, have eliminated all advertising entirely. They license receiving sets or tax listeners to pay for broadcasting. By far and away the greater majority have contrived some form or adaptation of a system which divides the burden between the listener and the advertiser. This method isn't new. It is the precise system used by almost all publications — magazines and newspapers. And it has worked very satisfactorily both here and abroad for several hundred years. If we examine the experience of the majority of broadcasting countries we discover that the method operates in radio with equal satisfaction for them.

IV

THEREFORE IN A practical plan for a radio revolution let the listeners share the

* *The six countries of the fifty-nine not included in the above lists have such curious combinations of government or monopolistic ownership of stations that it is impossible to lump them in the three major divisions.*

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program costs and not continue unknowingly to pay in full through devious and indirect channels. The entire tradition of the popular theater rests upon active public participation and support. If the show doesn't hook into public approval then the show closes for the excellent reason that the public refuses to be gulled into the price of attending. Unless the radio wishes to emulate certain solemn, ultra-artistic forms of entertainment lacking popular participation, such as the opera in the United States; to admit it is incapable of arousing the respect of the masses; to admit that it cannot produce a show worth an entrance price and openly demand a subsidy — from advertisers or government — then the listener deserves the right to destroy an inept program by refusing to pay for putting it on the air.

On the other hand there is no need for government ownership of radio to provide the listener with this right to destroy clumsy productions. The actual Federal Radio Commission even with limited powers has succeeded in proving its incompetence. In the theater, on the screen, the contact extends directly from producer to the body public. A *ménage à trois*, whether the third point in the triangle represents the government or the sponsor, is a cumbersome contrivance at best. What we require is a legal, bourgeois marriage between the radio and the producer. But the public has been horned so often, and radio holds such an immoral passion for wealthy sponsors that even a mild liaison guaranteed against interference by a third party hiding under the bed would be worth trying.

There are sufficient possessors of receiving sets to make it possible to collect quite a sizable yearly fund without oppressing the individual listener. Two dollars a year for an annual "listening ticket" isn't too severe on anyone who can afford the luxury of a receiving set. After all, except in a few obscure instances, a receiving set isn't more essential to the business of living than other means of diversion. As a matter of fact those who buy expensive sets capable of pulling in distant stations outside established listening areas should pay more for the "listening tickets," just as you pay more for a seat in the orchestra than in the balcony.

The manufacturer will be requested to contribute a share to program upkeep by means of a tax of two to five per cent of the value of each new receiving set. The manufacturer would probably pass this tax along to the consumer. In as much as all manufacturers habitually pass along their taxes to the ultimate purchaser we could be prepared to expect such an action and not confound the issue by speculating on the injustice of such an act.

This would produce approximately forty million dollars a year, something over three fifths of the actual cost of producing and transmitting the imperishable glories of radio. The revenue would be collected by the government. A number of estimable souls may now jump up to repeat the allegation that from five to ten per cent of the radio owners might dodge the price of the annual "listening ticket," quoting reports from Great Britain and other countries as proof.

I am willing to admit that there would always be a small percentage of stalwart persons capable of discovering ways and means to escape paying two dollars a year, just as a minority of citizens are able to slide out from under the income tax and slip into ball games and circuses without stopping at the ticket gate. But this leakage doesn't prevent the comparatively successful execution of the income tax nor any other tax; and I have yet to see a circus that was forced to close because of the number of small boys able to wriggle under the tent.

The revenue would be collected by the government. And it would be distributed by the government (after the costs of collection were deducted — and let us place the costs at a thumping figure, fifteen per cent, to forestall criticism). It would be distributed *to various privately owned and operated radio stations* according to the preferences indicated by each group of regional listeners. This is important. It gives the listener the opportunity to reward the stations which have pleased him.

V

THERE IS too little space to do more than indicate a possible method for splitting the revenue according to audience preference. I want to outline the basic approach; the physical form and operation of the plan can be developed and modified later by others more competent for the job. I would suggest, how-

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ever, that when the listener buys his "ticket" (we will insist upon that word "ticket" because it represents a tangible permit, as tangible as the purchased right to enter a theater or any other public place of amusement and instruction) he be given a preference card already stamped and addressed. On this card the listener would check, in order of their merit to him and his family, the stations to which he listens.

Stations producing programs most enjoyed (not by any group chosen by the government, not by any self-appointed body of critics or professional uplifters, *but by the listeners themselves*) receive the prime share of revenue established in that listening region. Such a simple method of apportioning revenue establishes the direct connection between audience and producer. It provides an exact determination of audience preferences and a profitable motive for supplying the audience with what they most desire to listen to. Not all of the total revenue floods back into the stations. A certain percentage of the audience income — perhaps as high as twenty-five per cent — is used as an admitted subsidy to programs of cultural value.

Under such a system the responsible sponsor is not eliminated. If the sponsor behaves himself there is no good cause for eliminating him. A few minutes out of each hour of radio fare (a third of all sponsored broadcasts immediately meet with this condition) devoted to advertising matter are more than a fair exchange for fifty minutes of sponsored opera, variety show, drama, or popular music, as long as the advertising is unobjectionable and the programs fresh and vital.

The broadcasting stations would have the opportunity to share in an income other than that coming from the sponsor. Audience income would automatically eliminate the present huckstering prostration before the shyster sponsor. If too many fish-oil programs were issued and if these programs did annoy the average listener as many of us think they do the stations presenting them eventually would be struck out by the listeners. There would be no troublesome red tape. If a station which issued too many indigestible offerings remained low on the list for a certain time, that station's wave length would revert to the government to be reissued to a more principled station. After a few examples were made the stations would select sponsored programs with judicial care.

Such a plan follows very closely the specifications indicated in THE FORUM questionnaire to radio critics. No major upheaval would be required to place this plan in operation. But neither this outline of a plan nor any other will undermine the sponsored system unless all articulate listeners can agree upon what they want and how they are to proceed to get it.

We have a starting nucleus of two hundred and two radio critics who should be sympathetic toward this proposal for a revolution in radio. We have Messrs. Levering Tyson, H. O. Davis, Tracy F. Taylor, Joy Elmer Morgan, and Armstrong Perry, authorities on radio systems and not at all content with the actual higgledy-piggledy of radio confusion. Among others, the following specialists in exposing public evils have concerned themselves at one time or another with the state of radio: Charles Adams, H. le B. Bercovici, W. R. Foulke, Travis Hoke, M. Kernochan, Arthur Morse, William Orton, Allen Raymond, and James Rorty; and during the past three months Messrs. Otis C. Ferguson, Merril Denison, Mitchell Dawson, and Eddie Dowling have added their weight.

Once you start to lubricate mass inertia with a directed thrust of discussion I think the partisans of the sponsored system will be forced on the defensive. I should like to see that happen. If the public is pricked out of apathetic resignation you may be sure of a splendid display of fireworks. Perhaps that sounds too optimistic. There is this much to remember: A radio revolution might be difficult to start, but, despite the formidable resources of the gentlemen now conducting the flow of radio, the public — as represented by the government — still owns the air. And if the public could only be persuaded to growl a little you can be certain that the nervous occupants of Washington wouldn't have any reluctance against shooing stray cats and dogs away from public property.

On page XV in the advertising section appears a radio questionnaire to be filled in by readers interested in Mr. Fisher's plan

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RENASCENCE AT FORTY

BY LUCILE GREBENC

At forty, as I take stock of myself, I see a woman who, in the vernacular of case-history taking, is well-nourished and well-developed; who has a mop of healthy chestnut hair, a skin of good color upon which the years have set their mark with crow's-feet at the outer corners of the eyes, a trace of heaviness under the chin, and lines setting a course from the nasal folds to the corners of the mouth. Looked at from the point of view of health insurance she is still a good bet: her blood pressure is normal, she is neither over- nor underweight, she has no organic disease, and her resistance to respiratory infections is good. Considered in the light of endocrinology she gives evidence of normally functioning glands of internal secretion, which, doctors would have us know, bear not only on the condition of hair and skin but more particularly on the personality and reactions to stimuli from without, that is, our reactions to life as we meet it every day.

Looking at this woman more subjectively I find that, strangely enough, with forty years behind her she is just beginning to live, that life has suddenly become full of mystery and a charm hitherto unknown, though not unguessed. It is as though she had been a perennial whose early life was concentrated upon the business of taking up, from the soil around, those food elements conducive to a strong and healthy growth, after which rose the bloom to stir the imagination. In other words, the preparatory period is over; physical development is left behind; and the spirit is coming into its own.

Money — For What?

There is too much talk in these times about the material needs of human beings. In my personal experience money, as such, has had no bearing upon my contacts with others, particularly in the forming and holding and enriching of friendships of whatever description. It is nothing less than silly to feel, for example, that the beauty parlor is a necessity, or even an aid, to the promotion of a personal contact of genuine worth. Hair can be shampooed perfectly well by oneself, and if one lacks the money for one of the artificial waves plastered upon the heads of women, well, then one will be one woman who does not look either like an Egyptian image or like all the million other heads which seem to have been cut by the same die. Every well-informed person knows that the sole function of cold cream is to keep skin soft and that not by the widest stretch of the imagination can any of the vaunted lotions or creams or foods or oils nor all the pattings and massagings eradicate wrinkles, which may be either the mark of time or the results of an undernourished or overnourished skin. Furthermore, there is something repulsive about a middle-aged woman attempting to shake off ten or fifteen years; in the end, it cannot be done.

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But the main point is this: that with this focusing of attention upon the outward appearance all sight of the inward woman is lost. And life has failed in its function if by the time we reach middle age we have nothing with which to replace the perquisites of youth. The years are supposed to bring experience and, through this, understanding, insight, spiritual knowledge. Youth has only its youth. That is as it should be. But age has better things. That, too, is as it should be. A precocious understanding in youth is as offensive as a lack of it replaced by fictitious youth in middle age. It remains for us to recognize the wealth that is ours for the taking and which will enrich to untold measure the years that remain.

Money, as such, has meant little to me. I don't believe in keeping money hoarded in savings banks or any other place, as money. As soon as a bit has accumulated it has gone, either in hard times or in the purchase of something I wanted more than the actual cash. Money means to me only what it can do to help me reach whatever goal I happen to set. Thus, since nineteen I wanted a piece of this sweet earth with a house on it. So at the age of thirty-five I bought just that, with money that was burning a hole in my bank account. I can be happy that I did this, for when depression came upon us it gave me a place to live. More, it gave me the opportunity of a reawakening.

"Thrift" is another word which is not allowed in my vocabulary of finance. As a word, it is pleasant only in its connotation of something very lovely growing in my garden and tossing, contrary to its name, a wealth of beauty to the sky. No doubt there will be some who will rise up and say, "Oh that's all very well, but you have a house and some land, so you are all set." It might be as well to reflect that even land and houses in the country are taxed by the state; that interest has to be paid on mortgages; that insurance is a necessity on personal property; and that if one expects good fruit of the earth or trees or eggs from chickens money must first be expended on them before one gets a return. Furthermore, my bank account at present writing totals the munificent sum of forty dollars.

But, looking about me, I do not admit for a moment that I am one whit worse off than many another who had money and lost it or who still has money, even millions of dollars. In fact, I am better off than those who have lost, for I have nothing to regret. I do not envy those who have money, for no amount of it could make me any happier than does my bit of earth and little house.

The Mission and the Mate

So much for money. As for a mission in life, particularly what is known as woman's mission — that of having children — there are more facets to this dark jewel of unknown merit than one can see from a single side only. Fundamentally I am made like any other normal woman, with a core of passion and an instinctive desire to give — which might mean to reproduce. But the human being is not so simple a creature now as he was in the dawn of his history. Spiritual and mental factors now complicate the simple physical business of perpetuating the species.

As I look into myself I can see that this purchase of a piece of earth and a house is only another way of expressing this urge. It is analogous to the perennial instinct of nest-building. I had no one to build the nest for me or with me, so I built it myself. Of course, there is no mate in it nor offspring, but here exactly is another of these facets I mentioned. It is easy enough to get married, to bear young. But the richer her inner life, the deeper her spiritual needs, the less likely is a woman to compromise with anything less than the perfect fulfillment of herself as she has come to feel and recognize it.

There are entirely too many people in the world already; there are entirely too many being born every day. As I look about me in the obstetrical wards of the hospital I cannot help but wonder where all these poor infants of poor heritable backgrounds will go. They are in the greatest majority the result only of the urge to perpetuation. The fatuous argument that one never knows when another Edison or Beethoven may be found leaves me cold. No genius is worth the incalculable wastage of human material that is being thrown up on the shores of life; the millions and millions of buds that sprout so unintermittently from the human tree and which

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cover this earth with an encrustation of mediocrity the extent of which it has never before experienced. Furthermore, no genius ever will arise out of an inferior background. Not even talent appears but what there are found, on close inquiry, parents or parents' parents of potential talent or capacity or spiritual worth, even though these talents and capacities were never brought to the surface and developed.

Why, then, so much agitation about the ultimate function of woman? I say that, for myself, I would rather continue sterile to the grave than add by one iota to the aggregate of mediocrity simply to express a biological urge in me which can better be diverted into more constructive channels. Simply to have a child for the sake of having one is egoism. It were better to give a thought to the child itself and what equipment is given it for its way in life.

Here, then, lies the crux of the matter — the proper mate for the particular woman. The male lives and has his being in the life of the mind; the female lives in the spirit. It is the combination of the two that gives the impetus to the development of all that is best; that quickens the streaming consciousness to a creative life. The more highly developed a woman may be spiritually, the greater are the demands she makes on her potential mate. And vice versa. The male, living as he does more in the mind, is of slower development. It is for this reason that, as women of mature years marry, they marry men much older in years than they would have chosen two decades earlier. A greater disparity in years evens up with the understanding.

So far as the possibilities of marriage at these advanced years are concerned, Rachel need not sit down upon an ash heap. Life does not end at forty. There is possibility of marriage not only at forty but also at forty-five, at fifty, if not later. All desirable men are not tucked away into the untouchable precincts of other women's homes, any more than that all good women are already other men's wives. After all, there is a man's side to the argument, too.

Turning from the eugenic aspects of childbearing to that of mere mechanics, there is not as much cause for mental agitation about the dangers of childbirth at forty as the headlines would have us believe. Women with a potentiality for high blood pressure and all that it implies have as serious complications with pregnancy and delivery, and are more seriously handicapped for after-life, when it takes place at twenty-five as at forty. Pregnancy in the presence of an organic heart lesion can be as disastrous at twenty-five as at forty. An abnormal pelvis can be as seriously obstructive to delivery at twenty-five as at forty. As for Cæsarean section, this operative means of delivery is being resorted to according to other indications than mere age. Given a healthy body, functioning in normal rhythm, *and a normal psyche*, which grows in importance as a woman approaches the end of the reproductive period, pregnancy at forty need be no more complicated than it might be at the earlier age.

As for living long enough to care for the child until it can take care of itself, barring accidents such as intercurrent infections like pneumonia or automobile or similar fatalities, parents of mature years in good health are very likely to see their child grow through adolescence. And after that, if he has been given good training on the basis of a good heredity (which should be considered before he is started into the world) he will very likely be able to look after himself.

This view is based on personal experience. My mother was forty-five when I was born. My father died before I was two years old, subsequent to an accident. My mother died when I was not yet eighteen, after the savings of a lifetime, with which she intended to equip me for my own life, had been wiped out in a financial panic. This distortion of what is fondly called "normal" youth did not throw me off center nor handicap me for a rich personal life. I sometimes think that it did me more eventual good than if the economic path had been made easy for me. Many years before, my mother had begun to set me on my feet. As a result, with her death the props were not taken out from under me, for she had given me my own on which to stand.

Maternal Masochism

Children are individuals, a view one often hears expressed but seldom finds heeded. And the "suffering" and "anguish" and "unhappiness" which children, growing up into

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entities, inflict upon their parents (according to the parents) are merely the masochistic orgies of parenthood, particularly motherhood. It is not the child that is primary in the mind, but the child as a piece of the personal ego. Birds do not worry over fledglings once the latter can manage their own wings and hunt their own food. Then why this swaddling of children? All too often women turn into perpetual mothers, which is not at all in accordance with the intentions of nature. A woman is a mate first, or should be. She is a mother, or should be, only so long as the offspring is helpless. Once a child is able to look after itself she should be able to shed it and return to her mate without these disruptions of the psyche which one sees too frequently. In the quality of the parents' mutual relationship lies the quality of their personal life. The children have their own to make. That is the intention of nature. The fact that this normal course is not followed in the vast majority of unions one sees about one is based on a mischoice made too early, when the biological instinct is stronger than the understanding, thus impairing the judgment. All the more reason why, at forty, with the faculty of exercising the privilege of choice, a woman should not run amuck in a sudden recrudescence of primitive instincts.

True, the reproductive period in a woman is not apt to last beyond forty-five; in spinsters frequently not so long. But after all, the bearing of a child is not, in the end, the *whole* of life. It is only the *biological end* of life, designed for the perpetuation of the species and not for personal aggrandizement. Of course, love (and I use the word in the highest connotation of its meaning) naturally wants to see itself reproduced, but with a difference. It is here not the glorification of self but a glorification of the beloved, rousing in the mind and soul a species of incredulous wonder at sight of this duplication, drawing one closer to the original. And this puts an entirely different complexion upon the matter. For, given such love, even though children have become an impossibility, life still does not end at forty. The sex life, which is only a gateway to a richer spiritual life of the two individuals concerned, does not end with the end of the reproductive period. The old fears and taboos and superstitions have long since been relegated to the haunted corridors of an ignorant past. And, because by the time maturity is reached woman (and man) should have attained a richer rather than a poorer spirituality, union in these late years with a personality complementing one's own can bring a glamour and depth of experience undreamed of in youth.

But suppose that, after all, there is no "man" for the woman of forty? Life still does not end. Why should it? Of what use has been the long trail if we come to the end blind and with a bitter taste in the mouth? The whole of existence, of which the human animal is only a small part, is based upon a compensatory scheme. Suppose I don't have a child before I die? What then? Nothing. Nothing at all. Suppose I don't experience in full measure the perfect union? Well, it would be a loss, but neither of these would stop in a single degree the continued growth of my spirit, which is sending out new pseudopodia, new tentacles every day; contacting new aspects of my existence, new experiences, new facets in its miraculous jewel we call life.

There is still April rain washing away the frost of winter and uncovering the first shy buds of awakening nature. There is still the sun climbing higher every day, the wheeling stars at night; and as I stand in the deep, wet grass of a fecund earth, with a pellucid dome overhead, I sense about me an invisible presence — imperturbable, impersonal, dispassionate, and everlasting — of which I, as a single unit, am an infinitesimal part. Life ending at forty? I have just discovered that it begins. And what a wealth of discovery lies still before me!

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THE WORLD AS I WANT IT

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

> What is necessary to the free man, what is above all necessary to the free writer is to consider *without reference to his enemies* the kind of world he himself would like to bring about.
>
> ARCHIBALD MACLEISH:
> *Preface to an American Manifesto*

THE ISSUE raised by Mr. MacLeish in the April FORUM strikes right into the nature of thought and history. It will, of course, be somewhat contemptuously brushed aside by most practical persons, whether capitalists or communists, as irrelevant and Utopian. Yet anyone who thinks hard and long about the world in which he lives and his own operations in it can scarcely escape the problem.

Practical persons hate the very idea of Utopianism. They like to think of themselves as hard-boiled realists who "understand" the world and "know" what they are doing in it. And yet did the men of power and substance who thought the United States had reached a high plane of permanent prosperity in 1928 really understand their world and know what they were doing in it? Did those communists in Germany who deliberately helped the Nazis to destroy the democratic republic understand what they were doing and know what bitter medicine they were to receive as a result of their efforts? In truth, everyone is operating on some kind of an idealization of the world and his work — usually wrong as tested by the later verdict of history but sometimes amazingly right when the vision of the future is fairly correct.

This fact is one of the most important disclosures of contemporary knowledge and thought in the field of sociology: Every thinker and actor in human affairs has in his mind a frame or form of reference containing things deemed necessary and unescapable, things deemed possible, and things deemed desirable. And the things deemed desirable contain elements of Utopianism — ideals to be realized in practice. This Utopianism may refer to the recovery of a lost past, such as feudalism or freehold farming. It may refer to the present: the existing order may be deemed as nearly ideal as possible. Or it may refer to the future: a better order to be brought into being.

This frame of reference may be a grand one or a petty one, but it is found in every mind. When judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are gazing into that mystic crystal, due process of law, they are seeing something behind their own eyes: a general order of things which they deem desirable. When communists are bitterly criticizing the prevailing system of production and distribution, they are doing so because they have in their minds a better order of life and labor to be realized by thought and action. Let it be clearly understood then that there are elements of Utopianism in all of us — even the coldest, the hardest, the most "practical."

Nothing is more important therefore, in my opinion, than the issue which Mr. MacLeish has presented — the clarification of our ideal for the community, the nation, and the world. Without vision men and women perish, nations perish. Without vision there is no inspiration for labor and no guidance in the "gray, lampless wastes of destiny." And when masses of people catch a vision which is composed of common elements, then great and heroic action is possible. Otherwise we hate and fight and sink. Power without vision is brute force. Brute force without vision leads to destruction.

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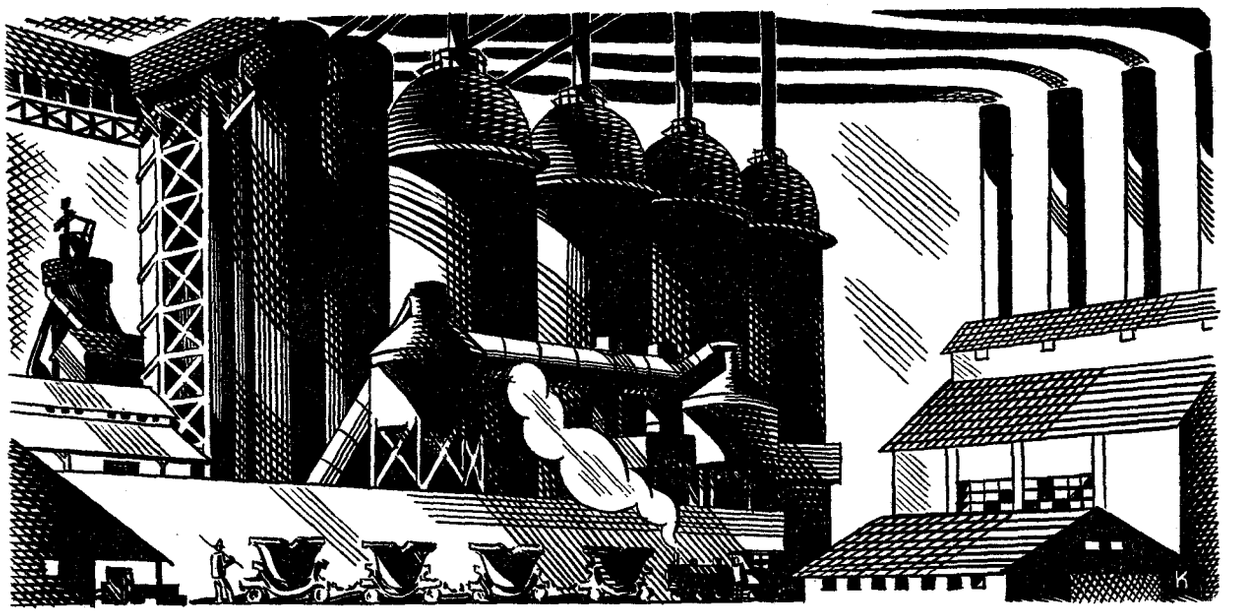

Vision without knowledge of the stubborn realities of the world — its apparent necessities — is spineless daydreaming.

II

Now what is my vision for America? It is a workers' republic — a republic in which industry is carried on in ways conducive to virtue and the fruits thereof are distributed in ways calculated to favor the good life for all — that is, without the degradation of poverty and unemployment on the one side or the degradation of luxury, rivalry, and conspicuous waste on the other. The term "worker" used here is not to be taken as including only horny-handed wielders of pick and shovel. The notion that there is in the world anything like disembodied "labor" is borrowed from the economics of old capitalism. Anyone who has had any practical experience with the management of a farm, factory, or trade union knows that one worker of intelligence, character, and insight is often worth a whole army of mere workers who are "also there." A farmer possessing knowledge and penetration may take the very same farm on which a previous operator and his workmen have been half starved and defeated and make it produce security and abundance for all. So the term "worker" must be taken to include all those powers covered by the ideas of "management," "artcraft," and "statecraft," in the broadest sense.

In this workers' republic the vast aggregation of asphalt, brick, steel, masonry, and slums known as our congested cities will simply disappear from the earth. Industry will be widely decentralized, and factories and fields will be united in new relations. In this transformation the whole of the United States will become one vast park of fields, forests, mountains, lakes, rivers, roads, decentralized communities, farms, ranches, and irrigated deserts. The people will be decently and beautifully housed; whereas now the great majority live in tenements and shacks that are distressing to the eye and unfit for the good life. Immense productive energies now wasted in competitive duplications of effort will be devoted to the production of non-competitive and non-consumable goods of beauty and taste — goods that give delight to the eye and aspiration to the heart. Under this conception there is work here to occupy the American people for countless years in sheer construction and indefinitely after the basic construction has been completed.

My vision then is: a beautiful country — homes beautiful; communities and farms beautiful; stores and workshops beautiful; labor for all, with appropriate hours (not that childish three-hour day with twenty-one hours spent in slums and pot houses); labor requited and carried on in conditions conductive to virtue — strength of body, peace of mind, and delight in work as a challenge to all the powers of deft hands, clear brains, and creative imagination.

In this scheme of things education will naturally assume a place of prime significance. The school, instead of standing more or less

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aside in scholastic exclusion or serving to sharpen the wits of social and economic climbers, will be an integral part of the community — an institution which will bring knowledge, guidance, inspiration to it. The school will be itself a center of work. A large portion of the children's energy now directed to sports, games, and other "leisure" occupations will find expression in creative and experimental work for industry and agriculture, ever discovering and devising new and better ways of working and living. And one of its supreme functions will be that of bringing to each community knowledge of all the great and beautiful achievements of other communities and other nations — until the knowledge and powers of all the world are placed at the disposal of the smallest and most out-of-the-way place in the United States.

III

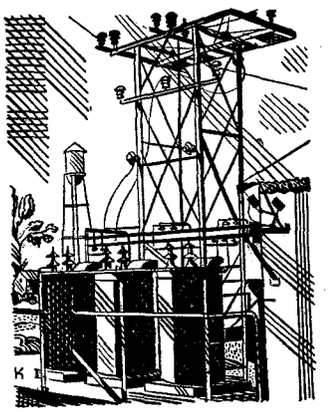
SHEER UTOPIANISM, my masters will say. Yet these things are not beyond the powers and technical arts of the American people. Nor are they mere pipe dreams. Already there are oases of grand achievement in the American desert of æsthetic and ethical starvation. Already there are houses, factories, farms, workshops that approach the ideal; and artists and architects are busy dreaming, drawing, and demonstrating. If all the great achievements of the American people were brought together in one place, something approximating the ideal would stand boldly and beautifully before us.

Our problem then is that of making the best of the best now in existence, of applying and realizing on a large scale that which has been applied and realized sporadically. Moreover the talents of the American people for practical affairs are demonstrably immense, and their potentialities seem to be beyond all measurement.

Sheer Utopianism, say my masters again. But if guidance and inspiration are not to be found in some vision of things deemed possible and desirable, where are they to be found? And what after all is politics in the grand sense — policy formulation and execution? Is it not, as a contemporary philosopher has put the matter, the competition of visions?

Let those busy describing, enumerating, and making deductions from past errors consider Mr. MacLeish's question: What kind of world is possible and desirable? If this were done universally by those who pretend to instruct, teach, direct, and lead in the United States then something fundamental would happen in the world of things visible and seen.

If the wrath of man pulls down our old heritage, vision and labor will still be required more than ever to erect the new structure. Wrath cannot bring bread for the table, clothing for nakedness, or shelter for shivering. Only vision and labor can make a civilization durable in time and fit to live in.



Other articles on "The World as I Want It" will appear in future issues of THE FORUM

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WHAT IS POETRY?

BY MARY M. COLUM

WHAT IS called poetry in everyday parlance I would divide into four classes: pure poetry, literature in verse, literate verse, and utilitarian verse. What used to be called doggerel is seldom written any more or, if written, is rarely printed, literate and utilitarian verse having taken its place in the favor of those who cannot entirely understand poetry. Literate verse, being imitation poetry written by people with a literary turn and a knack of versifying, is a formidable enemy of real poetry. The last class, utilitarian verse, is a legitimate form of writing: as a method of passing on homely maxims, New Year's resolutions, and commonplace ethical doctrines, it is pleasant enough reading, even for the critical, provided it is not written by real poets but by newspaper columnists. Besides all this, it is generally in rime, and since the beginning of language words riming at the ends of lines have given mankind very great pleasure. But when utilitarian verse is written by real poets, as it was frequently by the great Victorians, it can become absolutely maddening in its insincerity.

> Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
> Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,

said Tennyson, and Tennyson's utilitarian verse has very nearly ruined him as a poet — though he is a great one — for many of this generation. Longfellow will probably never recover from having written

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time;

Kipling's *If* would have added immensely to the reputation of Eddie Guest, but it has nearly prevented Kipling from being recognized as the real poet he occasionally is.

Utilitarian verse is of all kinds the most popular, and many highly cultivated people who read the classics such as Horace and Hesiod, read them for their utilitarian side rather than their poetry. Many of those who formed Wordsworth's following when he was considered a daring reformer admired him, as Matthew Arnold has pointed out, for the wrong things — for what they imagined was his philosophy, for the ideas which they thought he propounded, such as that things were getting better and better and that some day all would be right in the world. In fact any poet who in addition to writing poetry can pander to that great and fantastic illusion of men, that as time goes on there will be less and less necessity for any kind of struggle and that unalloyed happiness will sometime, somewhere, be the lot of all, is sure of a large following. Even a real poet might conceivably pander to such an illusion, for, as every reader of poetry knows and as A. E. Housman has stated in words of the simplest clarity, there may be many other things in a poem as well as poetry.

Real poets commonly write both pure poetry and literature in verse. To give an example from a contemporary American poet, Robert Frost, the following lines are real poetry, are pure poetry:

> Some say the world will end with fire,
> Some say with ice.
> From what I've tasted of desire
> I feel with those who favor fire;
> But if it had to perish twice,
> I think I know enough of hate,
> To say that for destruction ice
> Is also great
> And would suffice.

Whereas his more popular poems, *The Death of the Hired Man* and *Home Burial*, are literature in verse.

A DEFINITION OF POETRY

NOBODY HAS ever made a memorable definition of poetry. People have made memo-

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rable comments on it or memorable descriptions of it, and several of these will leap at once to the mind of the reader: Wordsworth's — that poetry springs from emotion recollected in tranquillity; Matthew Arnold's — that it is natural magic; Milton's — that it is something subtle, sensuous, and passionate; Poe's — that its value lies in its elevating excitement and that, as this excitement cannot be sustained in a long poem, the phrase "a long poem" is a contradiction in terms. Housman's description of poetry as "not the thing said but a way of saying it" as sheer definition would be hard to beat. Nevertheless the best description of poetry is not by any of the poets but by a critic who as far as I know never wrote a line of poetry — the late Henri Bremond. "Every poem," he said, "owes its peculiarly poetic character to the presence, to the radiance, to the transforming and unifying action of a mysterious reality which we call pure poetry."

Prose, also, to be sure, when it is literature has a mysterious reality which unifies it and irradiates it. But the mysterious reality of prose differs from the reality of poetry in that one can apprehend it through the eyes from the printed page. Poetry, however, can get only partly to the mind from the printed page; it can be really apprehended only by the ear, through the voice, for all poetry — even philosophic poetry — was and is written for an instrument, and that instrument is the human voice. This is the real difference between prose and poetry, this is the real tyranny of the poet; and not the law of poetic truth and poetic beauty that Matthew Arnold told us about nor the poetic diction nor the tuning of language that the age of Dryden and Pope thought so much of, not the rime that Milton scorned, that Verlaine mocked at, that Wordsworth struggled with, and that Chaucer lamented about — not any of these nor all of these, but just this one thing: that all poetry is made to be interpreted by the voice. It must not be assumed from this, however, that nothing of the mysterious reality of poetry can be got from the printed page: a part of it can get to the mind just as a piece of music that was meant for an orchestra gets partly to the mind even if played on only one instrument.

Efforts have been made by modern poets, by the cubists, the imagists, the sur-realists, and the other ists to make poetry with a physical, typographical appeal to the eye, with the lines sculptured or shaped, with the page so arranged that it will have something of the appeal of a drawing or of sculpture:

> impossibly
> motivated by midnight
> the flyspecked abdominous female
> indubitably tellurian
> strolls
> emitting minute grins
> each an intaglio.

This, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, is not poetry at all, though it may be some other form of literature indescribable at the moment and though this author (E. E. Cummings) may have written poetry elsewhere. Readers familiar with the extreme modern movement know that this sort of writing is often put forward as poetry. But what poetry really is was all settled — immovably settled — long, long ago; and the different forms it has taken throughout the ages have had not one particle of effect on this.

The first poem was the magical incantation, and behind all poetry there has to be the magical incantation — the voice saying something rhythmically out of the depths of the subconscious and conveying its meaning not to the reason or the intelligence or the intellect but to all the powers of the mind and body working in some mysterious unison. There can be other things in poetry — there must, as a rule, be other things in poetry — along with the incantation. The incantation itself can be so covered up or hidden with what the poet clothes it in that it is often hardly apparent. It may show itself only here and there in separate lines or in the use of proper names, or again it may not show itself in separate lines or stanzas but only in the total poem. It may show itself in the general rhythm or only in the rimes, but wherever it is and whatever it is, it is the one thing absolutely necessary to the poem. A poem can be poetry without anything else, with only that magic, that mysterious reality; but a very great poem naturally has many other things. As well as being magic it has to be literature, and literature is about the thoughts and dreamings and relations of men — the *lacrimae rerum*, the tears of human things — whereas magic, especially in great poetry, is apt to be beyond all human things.

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The insistence of one school of poets that poetry really need mean nothing at all, or nothing that can be grasped by our surface sensibilities or surface mind and imagination — that it can in fact be nonsense — is perfectly sound as far as it goes, though it is of course one-sided. For all great poetry, or almost all great poetry, is literature as well as magic, has literature wound up in its magic, so that we can give an explanation of it partly comprehensible to the intellect and surface sensibilities. But the idea that it is not really explicable represents a wholesome reaction to the portentous values that critics have been placing on poetry possessing a content accessible to the surface powers of the mind and to the reason.

Poems like Blake's *My Spectre Around Me Night and Day* and *Hear the Voice of the Bard* have very little meaning that can be explained to the rational powers of the mind, yet to anybody sensitive to poetry both these poems have a meaning powerfully penetrating to the general outfit of the personality — to the imagination, the emotions, the nerves, the blood itself, but above all to the deeps of memory:

> Hear the voice of the Bard
> Who present, past and future sees,
> Whose ears have heard
> The Holy Word
> That walked among the ancient trees.

The difference between the incomprehensibleness of this sort of poetry and the incomprehensibleness of the work of the more extreme moderns is that these latter appeal neither to our surface sensibilities nor to the deeps of personality; they have no magic, and their work is, therefore, not poetry at all. The authors have a vocabulary and diction as remote from the language of men, of a man speaking to men, as the poetic diction of the ages of prose and reason.

> You are like the meditative man.
> With the perfunctionary heart; its
> Carved cordiality ran
> To and fro at first, like an inlaid and royal
> Immutable production;

These lines (by Marianne Moore, who has elsewhere written recognizable poetry) are no more poetry than the dull, emotionless verse of those theorists of the eighteenth century who were guided by the rules of the various Arts of Poetry.

Arts of Poetry

Arts of Poetry are not always irrelevant. Even the most pedantic of them, like those by Gottsched and Chapelain, or the most literary, like those of Malherbe and Boileau, without going back to the Greek and Latin, have something sound if not illuminating, from which a real poet might be able to get some sense of design. As a matter of fact every age has its own Arts of Poetry, whether written or unwritten, and, if the writer has the poetic magic to start with, the application of abstract doctrines may help to an effective structure. Where, however, there is no poetry or magic, theories alone — theories of form, of content, of language — can result only in the unexciting verse of some of our contemporaries.

It is an interesting fact that practically none of the theories influencing present-day poets are modern in the sense of being contemporary. Indeed the most up-to-date of them are a combination of the theories expressed by Wordsworth in the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* and the theories of a group of French poets who wrote through the nineteenth century, principally Baudelaire, Verlaine, Laforgue, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé. The most celebrated of Wordsworth's theories, that the language of poetry should be a selection of the very language spoken by men — the poet being a man speaking to men — is the guiding principle of poets as widely different as Yeats, Valéry, Housman, T. S. Eliot, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Robert Frost. These poets have used not only the language of ordinary conversation; some of them have used the rhythms of the folk songs and the popular songs that the ordinary man has made for his diversion. In T. S. Eliot's *Fragment of an Agon* you will find not only the everyday talk of men drinking in a pub but the rhythms and meters of popular and vaudeville songs like *Under the Bamboo Tree*, *The Keys of Heaven*, and *Will You, Won't You Join the Dance?*

> Under the boo,
> Under the bamboo tree,
> Where the Gaugin maids
> In the banyan shades
> Wear palm-leaf drapery.

It is, to be sure, unfair to quote only a few lines like the above, because *Fragment of*

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an Agon, taken altogether, is not only poetry of a kind, but it has that quality which the moralizing Matthew Arnold thought was the property of all high poetry: that is, it is a criticism of life, a sardonic criticism — the criticism of life that is lacking in great and magical poetry like the *Ode to a Nightingale* or *Kubla Khan*. This sort of poetry with its mixture of irony, melancholy, and mystification was written in the seventies and eighties in France by Tristan Corbière and Jules Laforgue, and while it has been developed by Eliot in such a way that it seems to give a special liberation of expression to the modern mind it has very rarely the accents of great poetry. It is a sort of inverted lyricism; the cry of the heart is there, but it is mocked at ironically by the intellect. It seems odd enough that to so many in a world where Yeats, Hardy, and Paul Valéry were yet living and writing *The Waste Land* should seem the greatest modern poem. But it gave a sort of expression to the age which awoke an excited response, and in our time it happens that the most famous writers are not the greatest but the ones who, as it is said, "interpret the age to itself."

The irony, the mockery, the deliberate obscurity of this sort of poetry was taken over from French poets who were on the one hand in rebellion against the rational clarity of their language and on the other dazzled by the mocking wit of Heine. The rebellion against clarity has been of dubious benefit when transferred to English, where the half-said thing, the suggested thing, the evocative, the dream word is so thoroughly in the genius of the language. English poetry is often obscure to the surface powers of the mind, but that sort of obscurity which adds a glamour to the French of Mallarmé and Valéry is apt in their English-writing disciples to become mere unintelligibility. One can read over and over again verse like Mallarmé's *Le Cygne* or *L'Après-midi d'un faune* and at each reading get more out of it, because the obscurity is that of a poet trying to find a language which will suggest rather than name things and will reveal the dream of the poet. But the oftener one reads certain poems of E. E. Cummings, Marianne Moore, and Carlos Williams, the less there comes through, although these are all poets who on occasions have written effective verse and on others, under the slavery of theory, have written sheer nonsense — not the magical nonsense of poets like Blake or Mallarmé but the nonsense of prosy unintelligibility. Obscurity may sometimes be an effect of great poetry, but unintelligibility gives merely the effect of badly wrought prose.

The Influence of Ezra Pound

To one reading what will certainly come to be looked upon as the first really characteristic American poetry, that of T. S. Eliot and Archibald MacLeish — in manner, I mean, rather than in substance — and asking, "Who initiated this manner?" "Who fished the murex up?" the answer would have to be Ezra Pound. To one asking who brought this Heinesque mockery, this macabre irony into modern English verse, the answer would be Ezra Pound. Who is the critic who has exercised the most outstanding influence on the left-wing writers of England, Ireland, and America? The answer is Ezra Pound. He has indeed exercised on many of his contemporaries such an influence that if there had been a more highly organized intellectual life in America he might have been a great critic, a power in the land, instead of a somewhat eccentric exile.

But not all the tributes to his poetry, from any of the best-known living writers, printed on the cover of *XXX Cantos* can convince me that there are more than about a hundred lines of passable poetry in the whole volume. Would it be any harm to ask the writers of these tributes exactly what they have in mind? Will Mr. Ernest Hemingway, who tells us that the best writing in these cantos will last as long as literature, point out to us what he calls this best which is to stand up by all the great poetry of the ages? Will Mr. Ford Madox Ford, himself a genuine poet, indicate to us where he finds what he calls "the extraordinary, the matchless beauty of these cantos"? Will Mr. Allen Tate, who informs us that these cantos are one of the three great works of poetry of our time and will doubtless be the most glorious, show where to find the glory? Mr. James Joyce, Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Archibald MacLeish, also quoted on the cover, are vaguer in their praise, seeming to indicate that they regard Mr. Pound as a great influence rather than a poet. As one who is an extensive reader

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of poetry I make these interrogations in all sincerity, for if there is great poetry in these cantos I am unable to find it. I am in fact, able to find hardly any poetry at all.

The idea behind the cantos is plain enough — a history of civilization beginning where civilization started, on the shores of the Mediterranean: a sardonic history of civilization mostly from its seamy side and from its characteristic trivialities. It is an interesting idea, but one does not make poetry with ideas, no matter how comprehensive or penetrating they may be. A great epic poet might have so much poetry in his spirit that he could make an idea like this a handy serving maid to his poetry. But the idea so confounds the author of *XXX Cantos* that it looks as if he thought it meet to set down any little fancy, any rambling rumination, any remembered line of literature or history that came vagrantly into his mind and that the result would be radiant poetry. The following lines taken from "Canto XII" have an intelligible symbolism behind them:

Said Jim X . . .
There once was a pore honest sailor, a heavy drinker,
A hell of a cuss, a rowster, a boozer, and
The drink finally sent him to hospital,
And they operated, and there was a poor whore in
The woman's ward had a kid, while
They were fixing the sailor, and they brought him the kid
When he came to, and said:
"Here! this is what we took out of you."

But the symbolism is commonplace, and the resulting lines are prose; no adroitness in cutting them into metrical shapes can give them the semblance of poetry. On the other hand the writing of the vigorous little short story, of which the above lines are the opening, in nicely cut lines, each with a vague interior rhythm and assonance, seems to me to be a really important reform in narrative — a reform which began in American writing nearly two decades ago and which was initiated by Robert Frost in his short stories, *Home Burial* and *The Death of the Hired Man*, written in blank verse with a vigor and compactness unattainable in prose. From these brief narratives which were literature in verse it was only a step to the stories in concentrated prose printed in shaped lines which became a fashion.

Robinson Jeffers' novels and novelettes printed with the typographical aspect of verse are a product of the confusion of concentrated prose with verse and poetry. As a specimen I give the following lines from *Give Your Heart to the Hawks:*

On the pleasant water
Michael had called to Fayne, "I've something for you.
Come here a minute." She hardly dared, and thought
In the flashing joy of the sea, "Oh, the water covers us.
What have you got?" "Gin for girls.
We've got a fire on this side." They met laughing,
And reached the bottle from hand to hand and floated decorously
Separate again. Fayne looked towards shore, and saw the vast cliff in the flare of the sundown soaring above
Like beaten gold, the imperfect moon-disk gold on its brow; the tiny distinct shapes of men
Around their spot of fire in the flat blue sea-shadow.

Now this is not poetry but reformed prose — fine, vigorous prose with memories of verse behind it. Occasionally, to be sure, Jeffers gives us lines which have the magic of poetry, which can stand up to the test of poetry — that of being read by the voice.

These loose rhythms, whether in prose or verse, represent one of the outstanding contributions of the American mind to literary expression. What this country has to express is so different from what Europe has expressed that the old modes of prose and verse which did duty to express long-remembered and long-familiar things were both too bounded and too far-reaching to provide artistic norms for the revelation of this new type of mind. The old molds had to be broken, and the breaking was begun by Walt Whitman. The tendency of all the most characteristically American writers since Whitman has been in the same direction. The style of writing of MacLeish, Eliot, Jeffers, Frost, and Pound would be an absolute impossibility for a writer born and bred in any European country and yet at the same time would be equally an impossibility for an American who was not saturated in European literature and tradition. That is to say the most characteristically American writing is not the wild, the woolly, and the roughneck, it is the sophisticated, the sophisticated product of writers who have half their roots in Europe.

Mary M. Colum will continue her discussion of poetry in a future issue

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LAW COURTS FOR THE FORGOTTEN MAN

BY HARRY D. NIMS

THIS CASE involved 45 cents, but it meant a lot to the newsboy to whom the money was owed. For some strange reason he had the idea that the courts were meant for him just as much as for the richest man he knew. The Topeka Small Debtors' Court, to which he went, took his case seriously; the 45 cents was collected; and — what was far more important — a boy was given a new faith in his government.

Another youngster — this time in Cleveland — had a claim. He too sold papers. He was 12 years old. His case involved 28 cents for a week's supply of papers. The customer refused to pay because, as he claimed, the boy on one day had failed to deliver the paper. This boy had heard of the Cleveland Conciliation Court. To it he went with his grievance, and the amount was collected in full.

"X" was a linoleum layer who lived in New York. He was out of a job. Finally he was reduced to his last asset — an uncollectable claim of $12.50 for work done. The only way he could get his money was to sue, and he went to the Municipal Court. After admitting that he had no means, he was given a free summons and was told to have it served by a friend, as he could not pay $1.50 for a professional process server. As neither he nor his friend understood anything of the technicalities involved, no affidavit of service was made. For this reason the court, under its rules, could not take jurisdiction over the defendant. The case collapsed. Discouraged and upset, the plaintiff gave up the fight, and the result was to plant in the mind of this man a doubt as to whether there be not, after all, one law for the rich and one law (or none) for the poor.

"J," a laborer in New York City, was owed $8 for two days' work. Appeals to his former employer were in vain. Finally he went to the Municipal Court, where he was told of the steps he must take to start a suit and the possible expenses involved. He had no money, not even $1.50 to pay a process server; he knew no one to serve the summons for him. He had a job and was afraid to take the time off to go to court. He took his loss. For him there was no court.

Judge Cobb, Counsel of the New York City Legal Aid Society, is of the opinion that more than 50 per cent of the cases under $100 that come to his organization are abandoned by the parties because they cannot understand the technicalities involved nor pay even the small expenses required; nor are they able to take the time to attend court on, perhaps, several different days, as is often necessary. These things are true even where the claimants are assisted by highly trained legal organizations.

The Editor takes pleasure in publishing the following letter from Homer S. Cummings, Attorney General of the United States, expressing his agreement with the contentions set forth by Harry D. Nims in his previous article, "How to Speed Justice," which appeared in the May issue of THE FORUM:

One of the vital problems confronting the nation is to combat ineffectiveness and laxity in the administration of justice. The task must be performed both by the federal government and the states, each acting within its own sphere.

In 1931, while President Roosevelt was Governor of New York, that state established a commission to deal with the question. The commission has made a study of a number of factors tending to inefficiency and delay in the disposition of civil litigation and has proposed a series of improvements. It is also engaged in making a survey of the substantive law of crimes and of criminal procedure, with a view to suggesting reforms in the administration of the criminal law. It is performing a much-needed, constructive task, and its efforts entitle it to the support and co-operation of the bar as well as of the lay public.

HOMER S. CUMMINGS, *Attorney General of the United States*

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The difficulties which such people encounter fall into four classes: (1) wages; (2) domestic difficulties; (3) personal injuries — largely by automobiles; and (4) debts and claims, the collection of which often is a vital matter.

II

THE COURT SYSTEM of most of our states, regardless of the size of the claim, requires the service of a summons or notice on the defendant by delivery to him personally, a trial before a judge or a judge and jury, the presence of a stenographer, and the service of a marshal or sheriff to collect the judgment (unless it is paid at the end of the trial, which is seldom the case). In addition, if the claim is contested the defendant usually employs a lawyer; and under these circumstances, unless the plaintiff also retains counsel, he is likely to be put to a serious disadvantage under this system which gives the judge little leeway to protect the parties against technicalities, if insisted upon. Mr. Herbert Harley once said that the trial of these small cases in our regular courts is not different from the use of a thousand-barrel roller mill to grind a farmer's one-horse load of wheat.

The havoc played by technicality and red tape in such cases is too little realized. The recent experience of a plumber's helper in New York will serve to illustrate it. His employer owed him $14 for wages and $26 for tools loaned. When he appealed to the Municipal Court he was told he must start two lawsuits, since the claims differed in character — one for wages and one for the retention of the tools. Two weeks later the $14 case was tried and dismissed. Five weeks later the $26 case was tried and dismissed because the clerk stamped on the complaint "Work, Labor, and Services" instead of "Conversion." For this reason the court refused to hear any evidence regarding the tools and refused to let the plumber amend his complaint when the mistake was discovered. He was forced to go to the Legal Aid Society, which, six weeks after the first summons had been issued, secured another for the $26 case. When the case was called the judge adjourned it for eight days. Finally it came on for trial before another judge, who reserved decision and, eleven weeks after the original summons was filed, gave judgment for $15 only and granted a ten-day stay of payment.

Elihu Root once said:

> Our procedure ought to be based upon the common intelligence of the farmer, the merchant, and the laborer. And there is no reason why it should not be. I say it not without experience in legal procedure. There is no reason why a plain, honest man should not be permitted to go into court and tell his story and have the judge before whom he comes permitted to do justice in that particular case, unhampered by a great variety of statutory rules. . . . We have got our procedure regulated according to the trained, refined, subtle, ingenious intellect of the best-practiced lawyers, and it is all wrong.

III

TO-DAY, as a practical matter, in many American communities there is no court for the man without means, even for claims less than $100. To him justice is a luxury, the entrance fees of the courts prohibitive, their procedure a mystery. The delay complicates his problem. With these small claims time is of the essence. The money involved may be needed for necessaries of life. If the owner of such a claim must wait a year or even a month for the court to reach his case and then longer still to collect his judgment, the law is of little value to him.

This condition is a natural outcome of the background of our courts. They were organized years ago on the competitive principle. The American believes that every case, great or small, can be fairly tried only as a game, under rules intelligible only to a lawyer and which to the layman, whether he be a newsboy or a millionaire, are a closed book. The plain fact is that, despite the high-sounding phrases about justice which are heard from the platforms of bar-association dinners, with knowledge of the facts we are withholding justice from thousands because they have not sufficient money to pay for it.

As Dean Pound once said:

> For ordinary causes our contentious system has great merit as a means of getting at the truth. But it is a denial of justice in small causes to drive litigants to employ lawyers and it is a shame to drive them to legal-aid societies to get as charity what the state should give as a right.

IV

THE FIRST practical attempt in the United States to meet this need was in 1913.

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A washerwoman of Topeka, Kansas, so the story goes, came to the Attorney General of the state and told him that a well-to-do man for whom she had been working refused to pay her $3 back wages and that she was unable to sue because she could not pay the necessary counsel fees and costs. The result was the Topeka Small Debtors' Court.

Similar courts now exist on a state-wide basis in Kansas, Massachusetts, California, South Dakota, Idaho, Nevada, and Oregon. They have been set up also in Chicago, Illinois; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Cleveland, Ohio; and Spokane, Washington. Some have been created by legislation which authorized existing courts to use special simplified procedure, the others by adding to municipal or district courts branches especially equipped to handle such claims. The only small-claims courts which are independent organizations are those in Kansas.

There is no fixed rule as to how small a claim must be to be handled by these courts. In Chicago, the term includes actions in which amounts up to $200 are involved. In Oregon the limit is $20.

The use of these courts is optional. It is only an alternative to a regular trial.

There are no juries. If a litigant elects the small-claims branch he automatically waives jury trial.

Fees and costs are scaled down to little or nothing.

Informality of procedure is the keynote. The judge talks to the parties in a friendly manner and permits them to tell their stories unhampered by rules of evidence.

Lawyers are not usually present in small-claims courts, although only in California is there an absolute prohibition against them. Their services are quite unnecessary, and any reasonable fee is beyond the means of most of the litigants.

V

LET US VISIT a typical small-claims court in action.

The conciliation branch of the Cleveland Municipal Court is one of the best-known and most successful of these courts. It was established in 1915 by action of the judges of the Municipal Court. It handles nearly all types of cases under $50. Where the plaintiff is destitute and has a meritorious claim, the Court also hears cases under $100.

In spite of its name it is not a conciliation court. The term "conciliation" is used to define attempts to settle controversies out of court by methods other than by trial. The judges in the Cleveland court often try conciliation as a first step, but if it fails a trial follows.

When a person brings a grievance to this court he first talks with the clerk, who tries to arrange the matter amicably by telephoning or writing to the defendant. If he fails the plaintiff signs a brief statement of his claim. A date is set for immediate hearing, and the defendant is summoned by mail.

When the case is reached the judge calls the parties to the bench and tries to bring about a friendly settlement. If he does not succeed, he hears both sides and then enters judgment. Lawyers are seldom present. The parties tell their stories in their own way and question each other. The atmosphere is dignified and orderly.

The judge may transfer any case to the regular trial court if he feels that it is not suited to informal treatment or if the parties appear with a retinue of counsel and witnesses.

There is no delay; most cases are heard and determined within a week after their filing. No pleadings are required. The total cost is trifling. The average of costs paid by the litigants in the cases handled in 1933 was approximately $1.50 per case. In two morning sessions each week, approximately 5,000 cases are disposed of during the year.

The Boston Small Claims Court, which is as successful as the Cleveland court, differs from the latter in that it was set up by state-wide legislation and not by rules of court. It is regulated by this simple rule:

> Witnesses shall be sworn, but the court shall conduct the hearing in such order and form and with such methods of proof as it deems best suited to discover the facts and to determine the justice of the case. If the plaintiff does not appear at any time set for hearing, the court may dismiss the claim for want of prosecution or enter a finding on the merits for the defendant or make such other disposition as may be proper.

VI

THE FOLLOWING is taken from a letter of a correspondent in Paris:

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> Small claims — even as low as $5 — are currently collected. . . . In these courts the parties may represent themselves or appoint any other person to represent them. The aid of real legal talent is almost always superfluous in view of the simple and summary procedure and, above all, the absence of technical and complicated rules of evidence. The Court listens to almost any statement which a party or witness wishes to make in support or denial of a claim and accepts or discounts it as he pleases. There is no jury.
>
> . . . The procedure of these courts is greatly simplified by the manner of taking evidence. If the case hinges upon a controverted question of fact the Justice orders witnesses to appear some three days later. The Justice, witnesses, and parties meet in Chambers. The witness states his name, profession, age, and residence; and is then sworn. He is then asked if he is related to either party and if he is employed by either party. On the basis of these answers either of the parties makes any objection which he may have to the witness. The witness is then asked to tell what he knows of the matter. The parties may not interrupt the witness. However, after the witness has finished his "deposition" either party may ask the Justice to put certain questions to the witness, and the Justice may put other questions of his own motion. The parties may not object to any question nor answer.
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> * * * * *
>
> This is the extent of the technical rules of evidence of these courts. The necessity of a lawyer in such a case is almost negligible. Anyone who can easily show that another owes him money can get a quick judgment without the need of expensive assistance. The judgment is immediately executable, regardless of the right to appeal. Appeal is to the usual civil court of first instance.

These courts were never more necessary than today. The depression has complicated the problems of litigation for all, and by the same measure it has increased responsibilities of those who guide our administration of justice.

The experience of the small-claims courts which have been started since 1913, when the Topeka court was organized, furnishes the basis for various fundamental principles:

(1) The court must not be a distinct or separate tribunal but a part of an existing court, in order that its decisions may become enforceable as the judgments of an established court.

(2) There must be no jury. The right to jury trial should be abolished for these small claims.

(3) Appeals must be so limited as to be practically non-existent.

(4) There must be no entrance fees. A price may not be placed upon the right to enjoy privileges of the court.

(5) Technicalities should be non-existent. The Court must be empowered to conduct its hearings and trials when necessary, without regard to rules of evidence and procedure, placing immediate and real justice above technicality.

(6) The purpose of these courts is not to vindicate doctrines of law but speedily to end controversies, and this not according to guesswork or the whim of the judge but according to the general principles of substantive law.

(7) The justices must be especially adapted to the work not only by their knowledge of the law but through their appreciation of the social needs which the court is intended to meet.

(8) What is true of the judges is true of the clerks of the court.

(9) Reasonable night sessions of these courts must be held, that those who work may not be compelled, as a penalty of securing justice, to lose their jobs or their daily pay.

(10) The procedure should be so simple, and the part played by the judge in the trial should be so effective and helpful to both sides as to make the employment of lawyers unnecessary and unprofitable, except in most unusual cases.

VII

THE RATHER slow development of these courts is difficult to understand in view of the results obtained. It may be explained by the fact that the plan does away with the necessity of using various methods always considered fundamental in legal procedure in America — the jury trial; a trial regulated by rules of evidence based upon the combative theory; constant objections by counsel — "incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial"; and the use of written complaints and answers.

The methods now offered by government to the public for the trial of civil disputes both small and great are not adapted to the needs of the times. They are often described as belonging to the ox-cart days. In many respects the term is an accurate one. Perhaps out of the effort to develop a simple and practical procedure for small claims may grow a better system adapted to great oaks as well as to the acorns.

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INSURE THE WORKER!

The Case for Social Security

BY HELEN HALL

ON BEHALF of the settlements of the country I strongly urge federal initiative to bring us a unified, dependable, self-respecting system for handling unemployment. After five years of mass suffering, only one state has passed an unemployment-insurance law. If we are to wait for action, state by state, and only one state acts during each depression, it will take two centuries of hard times to cover the country.

We need federal initiative not only to get action but to make for unity. The piecemeal process would leave us, even if it were speeded up, with a hodgepodge of state laws, penalizing employers in states that wanted to do the right thing and uneven in the protection it would throw over the workers. Federal action as outlined in the Wagner-Lewis bill leaves room for state initiative but lays down certain bed-rock standards which must be met nationally. Certain of the standards I should like to see raised. For example, the minimum time set for out-of-work benefits is ten weeks, as against twenty-six weeks in England — and the $7-a-week benefit does not bear a fair relation to living costs in the United States.

We not only need unified action but we must make that action dependable. By that I mean, first of all, something that we can count on as times pick up and the general public loses interest. The depression has made the public aware of unemployment but has not made it aware that this is a problem to be dealt with in good times as well as bad. We have turned to the federal government for crisis relief. Our newly recognized national responsibility for unemployment should not mean merely the granting of huge sums for emergent aid but the laying down of a durable system for the future — one that will be there when the next crisis comes, one that will take over some of the burden in normal times.

II

I KNOW of no better way to gauge what we shall be up against when times are better than to go back to conditions as we found them in studies made by the National Federation of Settlements in 1928 and 1929. Over one hundred neighborhood houses co-operated in the study, which showed what was actually happening to the families of men out of work throughout the country. Just four years ago on the first of April I brought the findings of this study to a Senate hearing, at the request of Senator Wagner and Senator La Follette. More and more during the prosperous years, the settlements had sensed the pressure of unemployment in their neighbors' lives and the lack of facilities in their communities to handle it. At the same time what they felt to be even more discouraging was the general unwillingness to acknowledge that there was such a problem. Senator Wagner and Senator La Follette were heartening exceptions to this rule. They were aware not only of the economic waste of unemployment but of its human significance.

Since then we have gone on with our settlement inquiry and in the course of it have made a comparative study of how American families have been taken care of by our emergency-relief methods and how corresponding English families who had insurance to count on have fared. In spite of all the misery we have dealt with in these last four years, however, the helplessness of the unemployed in the United States in the pre-depression days is still vivid. That, when the country thought itself prosperous, the public was blind to unemployment made it none the less acute for the man out of work. The wage-earner in those days ran the risk not only of being out of a job but of being up against the smug impression on the part of the community that if he had been any good

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his factory would not have closed down or introduced new machinery or indulged in style or seasonal changes.

During those last "good" years we watched the difficulties of our neighbors in finding jobs once they were laid off and the increasing length of their out-of-work periods. This was reflected in the answers of the employers and foremen as we tried to help:

"Yes, he was a good workman but we've put in a new machine."

"We're laying off, not putting on, and won't need anyone till spring."

"We have reorganized and are using fewer people."

"That was a hand operation and will never be used again."

These answers drove home what our neighbors were up against in trying to hold jobs or, if they lost them, in reinstating themselves in new operations or wholly new trades. It is not the quick and simple thing it sounds for the individual worker to swing himself over from a bench where he may have used the same tools for ten or fifteen years to a place in one of the luxury trades or services, which according to the statisticians' charts were so happily supposed to have absorbed the displaced factory worker. If the transfer is to be made, the man needs some backing and security while he goes through what is often a very slow and difficult adjustment. It is not merely a matter of his desire to work. A man who has run a machine or been part of some factory operation for a long time has to do a good deal of selling to get himself taken on, for example, at a gas station. It might be said in passing that, to judge by the look of gas-station attendants and their like, the job has generally been filled, before he arrived there, by a younger brother or a son.

We have every reason to know that this process, not only of throwing men out of work but of throwing jobs into the discard, has been going on wholesale during the depression. We have every reason to believe that it will go on in the months ahead. Unquestionably we shall still face a large bulk of unemployment when business comes back to normal. The overhang of the depression will be a tremendous relief problem. Shall we aggravate that by instituting no measures for reserves which will safeguard the wage-earners as they go back to work? With the passage of the Wagner-Lewis bill at this session of Congress, and the state legislatures meeting next winter, we would have the chance of attaining some uniform protection, perhaps within the next three years, certainly not before. Why not use part of the Federal Treasury funds, such as now are sunk in emergency relief, to lay the foundations of a permanent plan and set it going soon?

III

While the hunt for work went on in those "good times" what happened in the man's family? It is an old story now but it is unfortunately still a living one and will continue to be so if the insecurity of men and women and children seems less important than a tax on payrolls. The history of those unemployed families, written on pawn tickets, on eviction notices, on foreclosures ended up in the lowest form of habitation the community afforded (and we go pretty low in that line). With every stage of the downgrade went the undernourishment of children. If the family applied for help there was a chance, but no assurance, of receiving it; that depended upon the community in question. In Philadelphia, for instance, the leading private family-welfare agency was too overburdened to take unemployment cases in 1928 and 1929, and Philadelphia boasted no outdoor relief. The family went through this demoralization not because the father was not a good worker but because his livelihood depended on forces with which he could not cope. Are we to go back to that sort of thing and call it a new prosperity?

We talk a great deal about self-reliance in the United States but we have not yet joined the company of nations which believes enough in self-reliance to conserve it for the man out of work.

IV

Let me turn now from the situation we tolerated before the depression to the situation we confront to-day. The best argument for unemployment insurance that I know is a careful study of what we have done and failed to do in this country during the last five years. Even after the market crash, it was two years before the government at Washington brought itself to regard unemployment as something

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that should be reckoned with rather than belittled. While the New Deal has done much to vitalize national responsibility toward the unemployed, it will bear repetition to point out that the wording of the Federal Relief Act, the title of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration set up at Washington last June, and even the pronouncements of President Roosevelt on relief reiterated that these were emergency measures. In New York, the title of the state agency carries a double qualification. It is officially labeled a *Temporary Emergency* Relief Administration. In Pennsylvania, Governor Pinchot in 1930 appointed one of the first state commissions on unemployment, one which brought forward a long-range program. Nevertheless, Pennsylvania ignored its commission's report, as all the rest of the states except Wisconsin have ignored theirs.

The country as a whole has not gone beyond emergency measures, and our relief methods are many of them such as to bring misery when they should relieve. Almost every county in almost every state has its own tale of inadequacy. In New York State itself, which has done perhaps one of the best pieces of work, the unemployed family has for the most part subsisted on a grocery order. Only now are the cities of that state permitted public cash relief by the change this spring in the state law. Last fall the streets of the poorer sections in New York were decorated here and there, as have been the streets of most of our cities during the last four years, with little piles of furniture belonging to evicted families. Four dollars a month has been enough for an unemployed family to live on, according to the standards in some states. Four times unemployment relief has given out entirely in Philadelphia; and so it goes. Are we going to leave it at that or are we going to put back of all our unemployed a steady, self-respecting plan of defense — something which may keep them out of relief lines and give them some security when industry fails? The alternative is to continue our series of makeshifts, none of them related to the past or the future or worked out as part of a consecutive national policy. We have had private drives, public appropriations, pork, work relief, butter, and civil works but no orderly system of protection with some element of permanent planning in it.

Although we still hear it said as an argument against unemployment insurance, it seems hardly possible that anyone could live through these past years and still believe that the average person prefers help to work. It has been disapproved in so many pitiful ways that it should be no stumblingblock in the way of such unemployment-insurance legislation. Those who cling to the old argument should have stood this winter in the long waiting lines before the offices of the United States Re-employment Service, where ten million people registered for two million Civil Works jobs. Then they should have lived for a while in a settlement where the men and women who registered kept coming back to know why they were not employed. They should have had to explain unsuccessfully to hundreds of people why they had not been chosen when others were. They should have watched those lines form in the night and stand during the bitterest weather until the offices opened in the morning. They should have had to call out the police to stop the fights that occurred when someone was caught chiseling — getting ahead in line. They should have worked with our Henry Street nurses in New York as they cared for cases of pneumonia among the men who went to work on Civil Works jobs without sufficient clothing and while they were half-sick.

From the beginning to end of the depression we have had ample proof of the desire for work on the part of the general run of our own fellow citizens and need not go elsewhere to find it. In our comparative-settlement study of English methods it was interesting to note that these eager lines of ours matched with eager lines in England, even though there some decent security is afforded the man and woman out of work. The security which unemployment insurance offers does not halt the English hunt for jobs. At the British Labor Exchanges they fight for them; the lines that form where work is given out have often to be handled by the police, while the lines waiting for their insurance are peaceful and orderly.

V

We have just made a house-to-house census in the neighborhood of the Henry Street Settlement. We found that at the time of our visits there was unemployment in over

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forty-eight per cent of the homes and that there was no one at all working in thirty-eight per cent of them. Yet, after nearly five years of unemployment, when the resources of even the well-to-do were running low, only twenty-four per cent of these families were getting outside help. There on the top floors of old tenements are families slowly starving themselves, that their savings may last until the tide has turned and they can be self-supporting again without ever having had to ask for charity. Although their pride and suffering is hidden away from you and me unless some neighborly errand takes us up their stairs, their kind can be found all over our land, and we have as yet laid down no self-respecting way of helping them.

Beside this study of the immediate neighborhood of the Henry Street Settlement, our nurses made a city-wide canvas of unemployment in the families under their care. Of the wage-earners in these families, forty-four per cent were totally unemployed. This was while the CWA was still operating in New York City. A few days later another emergency scheme came to an end, and the Civil Works Administration discharged its quota, much of which was not reabsorbed in work relief. Some of the bitterness of that blow may be lessened if the government makes a move toward unemployment insurance.

We know that men and women in the United States want work above all else but we know too that our industrial system is not likely to supply enough to go around. Should a demoralized, piecemeal charity be left to take up where industry leaves off, or should Congress take the lead and work out an intelligent scheme of insurance such as we employ in guarding against the other hazards of life and business? That, it seems to me, is a question fundamental to our national reconstruction.

O, Nations!

O, Nations! triumphant and vanquished, engrossed with your losses and gain,
The Future, imperiled, is challenging you, thro' the voice of the Slain!

Have you no statesman or soldier or poet or prophet to rise
With a saving and ultimate Vision aflame in his kindled eyes?

Your counselors balance the fate of the world, while Time takes toll; —
Remember the scales of the spirit and their weighing of things of the soul.

Seek not the records of militant ages for guidance, to-day, —
Let the sinister scrolls be annulled, let your wisdom and love lead the way.

The importunate Hour awaits a word that shall quicken again,
The fires of faith and of courage and hope, in the hearts of men.

ESTELLE DUCLO

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A CALENDAR OF CONTROVERSY

June, 1934

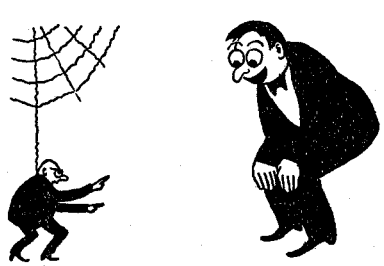
WIRT VS. BRAIN TRUST

Belly Laugh

WHEN JAMES H. RAND, Jr., Chairman of the Committee for the Nation appeared before the House Interstate Commerce Committee in protest against the Stock Exchange Control bill he read a letter from Dr. William A. Wirt, Indiana educator. Dr. Wirt said that the braintrusters had told him how they proposed to "overthrow the established American social system." First, they would prolong the depression to "demonstrate that the government must operate industry and commerce." They had the President "in the middle of a swift stream," where they proposed to keep him until they were ready to supplant him with a "Stalin." Mr. Roosevelt is "only the Kerensky of this revolution." And "with Mr. Roosevelt's background we do not expect him to see this revolution through." The letter produced headlines throughout the nation, but it outraged even the Republican credence of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Notably lacking in a sense of humor, the House of Representatives ordered an investigation and appointed Representative Bulwinkle (North Carolina) Chairman of a special committee.

Attended by able ex-Senator Jim Reed, Dr. Wirt appeared before the Committee in the packed caucus room of the House. He was asked to reveal the sources of his information. He replied



that it all came from a dinner given last September in Virginia by Miss Alice Barrows, his former assistant, now a minor official in Washington. The guests were: Miss Mary Taylor, Editor of the AAA *Consumers' Guide;* Miss Hildegard Kneeland, employee of the Department of Agriculture; Robert Bruere, chairman of the advisory board of the textile code; Laurence Todd, Washington correspondent of the Soviet equivalent of the Associated Press; David Cushman Coyle, one-time FORUM contributor (December, 1933), member of the technical review board of the PWA; and Dr. Wirt. No important braintruster was nearer than Washington, 20 miles away.

All the guests flatly denied making any of the statements quoted by Dr. Wirt. Miss Barrows said that the dinner "was not a success." Dr. Wirt did all the talking. He talked for three hours. As a witness Dr. Wirt put on another monologue anent the recovery program and the necessity for considering recovery as preliminary to reform. He rambled. Pressed by Chairman Bulwinkle for authorities for his allegations he said "Miss Taylor," or "Mr. Todd," or "Miss Kneeland," had "nodded in agreement."

The hearing collapsed, and the nation had its first belly laugh of the New Deal. The great Red Terror of 1934's first quarter is allayed.

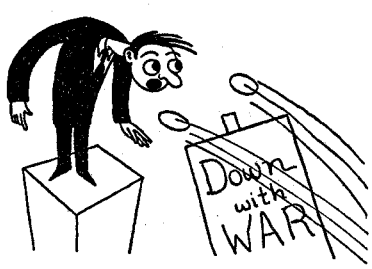
DECISION: *To six silent diners who merely nodded.*

STUDENTS VS. WAR

Peace and Eggs

MOST OF the student "demonstrations" against war, called at the behest of the League of Industrial Democracy and the Students' League were anything but peaceful. At City College (New York), where President Robinson forbade a demonstration, there were no speeches but much yelling. A near riot was quelled by diminutive Dean Gottschall, ten policemen, and the football team. At Columbia, Eugene S. Daniell, Jr., who dropped a stink bomb into the ventilating system of the New York Stock Exchange last summer, declared in favor of war for just causes. The scheduled anti-war speakers did not appear. At Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore, the meeting developed into an egg-throwing contest, quelled by streams from fire hose. At Harvard, members of the rowdy "Michael Mullins Chowder and Marching Club" monopolized the proceedings. They sang:

"March with Michael Mullins to the tune of soup and spoon,



"Sing the tale of savage war with wildest runic rune."

Eggs and ancient vegetables filled the air. There were stentorian shouts of "Heil, Hitler." Order was restored by Yard police.

At Yale a decorous assembly heard Norman Thomas and Corliss Lamont. President Henry Noble MacCracken led a march at Vassar. At Wellesley and Williams faculty members participated in orderly meetings. The western colleges and, in the east, Princeton, Rutgers, and Stevens chose to ignore the whole business.

DECISION: *To those practicing pacifists, the Harvard Yard Police, et al.*

SENATOR VS. SENATORS

Rule XIX (Clause 2)

IN THE course of debate on the revenue bill the U. S. Senate was edified by a 2-day wrangle between Senator Long (Louisiana) and Senators Harrison (Mississippi) and Clark (Missouri).

Topics of debate included: "The fortune-holding elements of Morgan, Rockefeller, and Mellon," the decentralization of wealth (Huey Long's pet idea), the Bible, Huey Long's record in the Senate, Huey Long's record out of the Senate, the Senator from Mississippi, the Senator from Missouri, the Senator from Louisiana, politics in their respective bailiwicks, "The Farmer," gambling and gamblers, the relative merits of hospitality offered each other by the

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Senators from Louisiana and Missouri, patronage, the Chicago Convention of 1932, the early life and struggles of Huey Long, libel suits, "Kingfish" and "Crawfish," whether or not Huey Long "hid under the bed" during the World War, "who struck Billy Patterson," and the identity of the man between whose legs the Senator from Louisiana crawled in leaving the washroom at Sands Point (Long Island) last summer. Two relevant topics were practically ignored: the revenue bill and who hit Huey Long at Sands Point.

On the third day the Senator from Missouri made peace by moving to strike from the record anything said in violation of Senate Rule XIX (Clause 2), which reads: "No Senator shall impute to another Senator or Senators any conduct or motive unworthy or unbecoming a Senator." The Senator from Louisiana and Sands Point magnanimously acquiesced, and the Senate proceeded to consideration of the revenue bill.

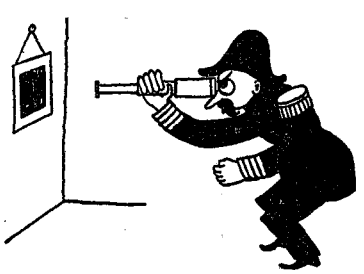
DECISION: *In favor of no participant: against old Joe Taxpayer who pays for such undignified nonsense.*

NAVY VS. PWAP

Art, but not pretty

PAUL CADMUS, an artist working under a Public Works of Art Project grant (See May FORUM) turned in an oil painting of sailors and marines and trulls, drunk and disorderly on shore. The setting is suspiciously like the promenade along Riverside Drive (New York City).

The painting found its way to the offices of the Navy Department in Washington. "Right artistic," said Secretary Swanson, but it "shows all the derelictions of the Navy and none of its virtues." "Such a picture," fumed Admiral Rodman, "is utterly misleading and gives the public not only an erroneous idea of the behaviour of our men, but



is, in fact, diametrically opposed to conditions which actually exist." *The New York Times* editorialized: "The American man-of-war's man is not addicted to sprees on shore."

Artist Cadmus modestly said his picture might not be "right artistic," doggedly insisted it was certainly true.

DECISION: *To a Navy not addicted to sprees on shore.*

STRAIGHT POST VS. LEGION

Charter

DEFYING AMERICAN LEGION regulations, in December, 1932, the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion (New York) made public a resolution which opposed present payment of the soldiers' bonus. The Post's charter was promptly revoked.

In bringing suit against the Legion for reinstatement the Post contended that the regulation of the Legion for violation of which the charter was revoked was unreasonable and unlawful. The regulation is: "Where the National Organization has taken a position on any subject (at the national convention), no post may adopt a resolution in conflict with that position." (Resolutions protesting against actions of the convention may be adopted and "submitted through channels," but not made public.)

DECISION: *By Mr. Justice Cohn, New York Supreme Court, "The regulation . . . is an unreasonable one; its enforcement transcends powers granted to the Legion." The Court ordered the charter restored.*

MANAGEMENT VS. STOCKHOLDERS

Salaries

MINORITY stockholders spoke up at many proxy-packed annual meetings of U. S. corporations last month. All made the same complaint: officers' salaries are too high.

The Federal Trade Commission's 5-year salary list, sent to the Senate late in February, revealed Chairman Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Company, as the highest-salaried executive in 1933 ($250,000). At the annual meeting of Bethlehem Steel a stockholder averred that there was "no excuse" for Mr. Schwab's salary. President Eugene Grace, whose recent 3-year bonus payments total nearly $3,500,000, defended the Schwab stipend on the ground that the company can "never repay its debt to its founder."

At the meeting of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company an elderly woman stockholder suggested that railroad officers go without their "fabulous salaries" for two years.

Western Union's Chairman, Newcomb Carlton, came to his meeting primed to resist suggestions similar to the one offered at the P.R.R. session. If all officers had served without salaries last year, he said, the saving would have amounted to only 25 cents a share. One Western Union stockholder refused to vote for Albert H. ("Piggy") Wiggin as a member of the board.

At the U. S. Steel meeting a stockholder asked Myron C. Taylor, presiding Chairman of the Board, if it were true that his current salary is $162,000. Mr. Taylor replied that the figure was correct. "Two years ago when the Company was making a little money your salary was only $100,000. You got your raise after the stockholders ceased to make any profit?" Mr. Taylor replied that it was embarrassing to discuss personal matters. "I'm not being personal," retorted the stockholder, "I'm asking why any officer of our company is worth that much money."

The question remained unanswered.

Management-controlled proxies steamrollered every meeting, and the salaries stood.

DECISION: *To the proxy-powerful managements.*

PEOPLE VS. POLITICOES

Power Rates

PUBLIC utilities are again a potent issue in New York State. Governor Herbert H. Lehman asked the Legislature to pass bills designed to give the Public Service Commission power to fix emergency rate of return at 5 per cent (instead of 8 per cent–10 per cent) on a company's investment, and to give municipalities permissive power to enter the utilities business after a referendum.

His program met with stiff opposition and was fought by a powerful lobby. Suddenly the Federal Trade Commission made public several letters alleged to have been written about six years ago by State Senator Warren T. Thayer (Republican) to officers of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. Chairman of the Senate Public Service Committee at the time, Senator Thayer is said to have written, "I hope my work during the past session has been satisfactory to your company, not so much for the new legislation enacted but from the many detrimental bills we were able to kill in committee."

The letters produced a sensation. The opposition weakened and the Legislature enacted the Governor's program into law. Senator Thayer stoutly denies any wrongdoing. A sweeping investigation has been ordered by the Legislature.

DECISION: *Only 2 per cent of the American people (holders of utility securities) benefit from high rates. But 98 per cent would benefit from lower rates.*

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Courtesy of the Kennedy Gallery

Fair in Prague

TWO WOODCUTS

BY ILSE BISCHOFF

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West Indian Women

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SPIRITUAL FORCES AND THE STATE

BY HENRY A. WALLACE

THE ATTITUDE of men toward God or, if you prefer, their attitude toward the great, unknown, unexplained forces of the universe must always be a matter of supreme significance. Socialists, evolutionists, and *laissez-faire* capitalists may, by the temporary apparent plausibility of their attitudes, for a time rob religion of its significance. I am convinced, however, that mankind, in spite of its momentary digressions into the dry hardness of a mechanical, financial world will, of necessity, inevitably return to a world where spiritual and artistic values dominate.

It is a pity that Protestantism should have temporarily separated the beautiful from the religious. These immaterial attitudes belong essentially together. But with them may be classed also the truly beautiful, truly religious attitude of the scientist, who is striving to unravel nature's laws, and the economist, who is striving to discover the relationship between fine human beings as contrasted with the relations between human beings of an animal world.

II

THE PROBLEM of statesmanship is to mold a policy leading toward a higher state for humanity and to stick by that policy and make it seem desirable to the people in spite of short-time political pressure to the contrary. True statesmanship and true religion therefore have much in common. Both are beset by those who, professing to be able politicians and hard-headed men of affairs, are actually so exclusively interested in the events of the immediate future or the welfare of a small class that from the broader, long-time point of view they are thoroughly impractical and theoretical.

Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Micah were truly great statesmen. They caught the vision of a superior social state and with all the fire at their command held up that vision before the people in spite of the protests of those concerned with politics, priestly intrigue, and commercial gain of the day.

The prophets failed in that their statesmanship was not adopted, but their efforts were so striking that the record remains to this day as an incentive to those who desire to look beneath the surface.

Religion to my mind is the most practical thing in the world. In so saying I am not talking about churchgoing or charity or any of the other outward manifestations of what is popularly called religion. By religion I mean the force which governs the attitude of men in their inmost hearts toward God and toward their fellow men.

Jesus, dealing with that force, said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy strength and all thy soul and all thy mind. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Catholic Church, dealing with this force, said in effect that the minds and hearts of men are best attuned to God and humanity through the continual celebration in due form of the Mass, by specially ordained priests whose duty it is also to receive and distribute alms.

Martin Luther and John Calvin, dealing with this force, said each man can meet his God face to face without priestly intercessor; each man can worship God most effectively by working hard in his chosen calling every minute of every day except the Sabbath.

The Reformation in action contracted rather than expanded the doctrine of Jesus; nevertheless the extraordinary emphasis on the individual unleashed forces which enabled man through energetic self-discipline to conquer a new continent in record-breaking time, to develop an unprecedented control over nature, and to develop capitalism as a temporary

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mechanism for social control.

The classical economists of one hundred years ago in their individualistic *laissez-faire* doctrine expressed in non-emotional terms the economic essence of Protestantism. Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and their followers in promulgating the doctrine of natural selection and the survival of the fittest gave the whole idea an apparent foundation in nature. As a result Protestantism, which in its origin was highly spiritual, became in fact more and more material. Many of the ministers fought against the trend, but the children of the best families in their congregations for two generations or more have gone to college and accepted as gospel truth *laissez-faire* economics and survival-of-the-fittest biology. Trimmings have been put on this foundation, but most of the children of our leading families have accepted as a matter of course an attitude toward the universe and toward their fellow man which is based on pseudo-economics, pseudo-science, and pseudo-religion.

Portrait by Georg Heyer

Henry A. Wallace

III

To-day I am glad to say that economics, science, and religion are all re-examining the facts under pressure from the common man, who is appalled by the tragic nonsense of misery and want in the midst of tremendous world stocks of essential raw materials. Science has given us control over nature far beyond the wildest imaginings of our grandfathers. But unfortunately the religious attitude which produced our keen scientists and our aggressive business men makes it impossible for us to live with the balanced abundance which is now ours as soon as we are willing to accept it with clean, understanding hearts.

To enter the kingdom of heaven, brought to earth and expressed in terms of rich material life, it will be necessary to have a reformation even greater than that of Luther and Calvin. I am deeply concerned in this because I know that the social machines set up by this Administration will break down unless they are inspired by men who in their hearts catch a larger vision than the hard-driving profit motives of the past. More than that, the men in the street must change their attitude concerning the nature of man and the nature of human society. They must develop the capacity to envision a co-operative objective and be willing to pay the price to attain it. They must have the intelligence and the will power to turn down simple solutions appealing to the short-time selfish motives of a particular class.

Enduring social transformation such as the New Deal seeks is impossible of realization without changed human hearts. The classical economists, most orthodox scientists, and the

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majority of practical business men question whether human nature can be changed. I think it can be changed because it has been changed many times in the past. The Christians of the second and third centuries inaugurated a tremendous change. Again the Protestants of the sixteenth century introduced an element of firm resolution and of continuous daily discipline into human nature which had hitherto been lacking. Great religious movements which consist essentially of a changed human nature eventually come to fruition, and are followed by a time when a spiritual vacuum coincides with great material uncertainty. The people in their anguish then seek to change their course. They admit the errors of their past ways and turn toward the potentialities of a brighter future. In such a time, the truly religious, in the broadest sense of the term, have an opportunity to plant seeds, some of which will flower almost at once, and others of which will not produce fruit for a century or two.

What a marvelous opportunity there is to-day to minister to the disillusioned ones who at one time had such perfect faith in endless mechanical progress, in the continual rise of land values in their own particular sections, in the possibilities of ever-expanding profits, and in wages which were to go higher and higher while the hours of work per week became less and less. This faith in triumphant machinery as the last word in human wisdom has now been rudely shaken. The ideal of material progress could satisfy only so long as we were engaged in the material job of conquering a continent. Of course, those of us who are close to the scientists and inventors realize that extraordinary progress is yet possible. As a matter of fact, the possibilities along this line are almost infinite, but the significant thing is that we cannot enter into these possibilities until we have acquired a new faith, a faith which is based on a richer concept of the potentialities of human nature than that of the economists, scientists, and business men of the nineteenth century.

What an extraordinary twist of the human mind it was in the nineteenth century to think of human society as composed of so-called "economic men"! As a result of this thought, an increasing percentage of our population did become in fact economic automatons. The profit motive ruled, and it was discovered that through the mechanism of money and the organized commodity and stock exchanges it was possible to make huge profits in an atmosphere so theoretical and divorced from reality that mistakes in judgment, involving millions of innocent victims, became all too easy.

IV

It is possible for powerful men in positions of financial influence or in control of certain fundamental mechanical processes to pose as hard-headed men of affairs when, as a matter of fact, they have all too often created temporary illusions; they have been merely blowing bubbles. By the manipulation of money, the floating of bonds they have distorted the judgment of our people concerning the true state of future demand and future supply. Oftentimes with excellent motives and looking on themselves as realists, they were in fact sleight-of-hand performers and short-change artists. Yes, we have all sinned in one way or another and we are all sick and sore at heart as we look at the misery of so many millions of people, including among them many of our close friends and relatives; and we ask again and again why this should be so in a nation so blest with great resources, with nearly half the world's gold, with great factories, with fertile soil, and with no embarrassing external debt. We look at all this and ask what mainspring inside of us is broken, and where we can get a new mainspring to drive us forward.

I am wondering if the religion we shall need during the next hundred years will not have much more in common with the Christianity of the second and third centuries or possibly even with that of the Middle Ages than with the Protestantism of the past one hundred years. The strong personal initiative conferred by the Protestant religions must in some way be merged into a powerful religious attitude concerning the entire social structure. I am not talking about welfare drives and other forms of charity which good men among the Protestants, Jews, and Catholics alike support so loyally. The thing I am talking about goes far deeper. It is not an attitude that will flow from external compulsion but one that will

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spring from the hearts of the people because of an overwhelming realization of a community of purpose. Perhaps the times will have to be even more difficult than they have been during the past two years, before the hearts of our people will have been moved sufficiently so that they will be willing to join together in a modern adaptation of the theocracy of old.

Neither socialism nor communism meets the realities of human nature as I sense them. Both of them have an emotional dryness, a dogmatic thinness which repels me. They deal in the dry bones of the "economic man," and I crave in addition the flesh and blood and spirit of the religious and the artistic man. I want to see whole realms of being kept out of the sphere of economics and business. The economic and business machine should be subjected more and more to the religious, the artistic, and the deeper scientific needs of man. The business man, prompted all too often by short-time profit motives, has had altogether too much influence; or possibly I should say that his ideals have caused the nation to put entirely too high a percentage of its energy into efforts which were bound to be self-defeating and eventually productive of unemployment and misery.

It is proper that we should respect the business man in his true sphere. He should be encouraged to develop a social machinery which will make it possible to bring about an equilibrium from year to year between productive power and consumptive power. He should be encouraged to work out social machinery to bring about as nearly as possible a just distribution of our physical output to the different individuals of the nation. For rendering his technical services the business man should, like all the other elements of the population, be assured of a fair salary and a modest return on capital, combined with such assurances of security as may be possible in view of the resources and productive power of the nation.

The bitterness in the hearts of many of the communists and farm strikers in this country appalls me, but I am even more concerned about the way in which powerful business interests, steeped in the doctrines of *laissez-faire* and survival of the fittest, are able to hire fine, intelligent men to serve short-time, selfish ends by presenting their case in Washington. The expressions of the extreme left-wingers may oftentimes be venomously cruel and brutal, but I am thinking even more about the intelligent burrowing of those whose thoughts are guided chiefly by concern for immediate profit. Of course, our hope lies in the fact that the great bulk of laboring men, farmers, and business men are neither bitter nor rapacious. They are patient, long-suffering people, slowly struggling to find the light.

If the Christian religion is to help them in finding that light, it must furnish the spiritually hungry people with something which is truer and more compelling than the "dog-eat-dog" philosophy of the classical economists and the biological scientists. I am not denying either evolution or the law of supply and demand. But I am denying the right of a philosophy based on such laws to guide humanity toward the infinite richness which is resident on the one hand in human nature itself and on the other hand in the capacity of science to exploit the material world for our benefit. Business men operating as individuals on the animal plane can destroy us no matter how great our scientific discoveries. And as a matter of fact, the greater the discoveries, the more certain the destruction.

V

We are approaching in the world to-day one of the most dramatic moments in history. Will we allow catastrophe to overtake us and, as a result, force us to retire to a more simple, peasant-like form of existence or will we meet the challenge and expand our hearts, so that we are fitted to wield with safety the power which is ours almost for the asking? From the standpoint of transportation and communication, the world is more nearly one world than ever before. From the standpoint of tariff walls, nationalistic strivings, and the like, the nations of the world are more separated to-day than ever before. Week by week the tension is increasing to an unbelievable degree. Here reside both danger and opportunity.

The religious keynote, the economic keynote, the scientific keynote of the new age must be the overwhelming realization that mankind now has such mental and spiritual powers and such control over nature that the

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doctrine of the struggle for existence is definitely outmoded and replaced by the higher law of co-operation. When co-operation becomes a living reality in the spiritual sense of the term; when we have defined certain broad objectives which we all want to attain; when we can feel the significance of the forces at work not merely in our own lives, not merely in our own class, not merely in our own nation, but in the world as a whole — then the vision of Isaiah and the insight of Christ will be on their way toward realization.

This spiritual co-operation to which I refer depends for its strength on a revival of deep religious feeling on the part of the individual, in terms of the intellectual concept that the world is in very truth one world, that human nature is such that all men can look on each other as brothers, that the potentialities of nature and science are so far-reaching as to remove many of the ancient limitations. This concept, which now seems cloudy and vague to practical people, must be more than the religious experience of the literary mystic. It must grow side by side with a new social discipline. Never has there been such a glorious chance to develop this feeling, this discipline as in this country to-day.

Let me illustrate from the immediate dilemma which confronts this nation: shall we follow the path of nationalism, the path of internationalism, some combination of the two, or let things drift? Each of the first three paths carries with it great benefits and great penalties. Nationalism means an extraordinary degree of internal regulation, especially in agriculture. Internationalism means planning of foreign loans, lowering of tariffs, and a planned retirement of certain types of industry. To carry out either one or a combination of the two sufficiently well to prevent great misery means widespread debate in Congress and among the people, until the national will has been aroused sufficiently to make it possible for the people to hold resolutely to a sensible plan, in spite of the handicaps which go with it.

Until the tariffs are lowered we are forced in agriculture to follow in some measure the plan of nationalism. Frankly, I don't like it, but there is no alternative, for the time being. It may, of course, have invaluable results, if a high degree of social discipline is developed. Already there are signs that our wheat-acreage reduction plan is developing some of this social discipline.

The national quota is split up among the states and then among the counties and individuals. There is the hard problem of wrestling with the stubborn individual facts to meet a social outcome. Some of the newer Kansas counties claimed the right to grow more wheat than we thought they should. We had to reexamine our facts; the farmers had to reexamine theirs. There have been literally hundreds of thousands of individual debates, many of them conducted on a very low plane, but all the time I believe there has come an increasing appreciation of both the international and the national problem in terms of the local welfare. In another year the problem will have shifted, but I trust there will still be a machinery for voluntary social discipline.

We must have more and more of this kind of thing throughout our entire national life. If the international plan instead of the national plan is eventually decided upon, we shall still need a social discipline, though of a somewhat different type. In any event every individual in the country should feel that he is necessary to carrying out the plan. He should feel that the plan is necessarily a shifting one, but that the shifts are to be made in terms of the total welfare and not as the result of pressure from a particular region or class. He should feel that the national plan is to be fitted into the welfare of the world as rapidly as can be done with safety.

The social discipline can be given a very definite machinery, but after all the really important thing is the spirit pervading the whole effort. If men close to the inward realities are able to grasp the present national and world picture with their minds, they can make the necessary social discipline seem tremendously worth while. Without such men the discipline will prove sterile, and we shall drift on a sea of sophisticated materialism toward, not only national disaster, but also world catastrophe.

To Be Published Soon: "What Religion Means to Me," by Mary Borden

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GOOD HEALTH FOR EVERYBODY—I

BY INNES H. PEARSE AND G. SCOTT WILLIAMSON

HEALTH or sickness? There was no alternative. In this belief the Victorians were bred; in this belief they grew up. A child who was not sick was able to eat its dinner; a man who was not incapacitated was able to work — and no nonsense about it.

It was the experience of the war that first led us to see that the "nonsense" lightly attributed to the child by the Victorian parent was perhaps more justly attributable to the parent himself. Health or sickness were no longer the only two alternative states. There was a third condition — "C-ness." During the war the number of youths entering the British and other armies who had to be classed in the "C" category of physical and mental fitness was gravely disturbing. They were not sick nor were they healthy. They were "invalid" for work or fighting — devitalized. Thus we now know that there are two menaces to health — disease and devitalization.

The first of these is being treated, with the result that the expectation of life is being lengthened. More people live longer than formerly. On the face of it this seems satisfactory. It is unfortunate, however, that advances in medicine often make it possible to prevent death without being able to give health.

A means to stem the tide of the second menace — unfitness — is being sought by each section of the public. To ensure fit recruits the state offers infant welfare, school inspections, free education. Charity increases all its efforts only to swell unwittingly the ranks of the dependent population. Industry turns inward and seeks "rationalization" as a means of compensation for the inevitable. The medical profession, still content with palliation as its highest goal, cries for the earlier treatment of diseases. The eugenist, boldest of all in his despair, demands birth control or even sterilization of the unfit. The biologist alone still holds out hope. The power of environment may yet be potent to save the individual. If environment can be changed *early enough*, the child at least may be saved from the twin shackles of disease and devitalization.

A small company of private individuals in England took up the challenge implied in these conditions. This group determined upon a preliminary inquiry. To this end the first Pioneer Health Centre was opened in London in April, 1926.

II

IN A SMALL HOUSE in Peckham, situated in the middle of a densely populated artisan district, we installed a resident medical officer, a social secretary, and a housekeeper and proceeded to invite families living in the neighborhood to join a Family Club for a small weekly sum per family. In return for this we offered a periodic medical and dental overhaul for each individual of the family; a parents' clinic served by both men and women doctors; ante-natal, post-natal, and infant-welfare clinics. To these we added an orthopedic clinic and a children's afternoon nursery.

The service offered to each family attending the Centre was an *advisory* one. Its objects were to evoke a desire for health and to detect and call attention to the beginnings of disease, while at the same time giving advice as to how to procure any necessary treatment. No disease received treatment at the Centre.

The periodic medical overhaul was obligatory for every member of a family joining the Pioneer Health Centre, and it afforded a means of extending to the whole adult population the practice of preventive medicine. For every adult member of a family this overhaul implied a regular yearly review of his condition and the opportunity of skilled advice as to the

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adjustments necessary for the maintenance of his well-being. This gave the doctors an opportunity, rarely obtainable, of coming to know something of the circumstances in which each individual in the family was living and the relationships of one individual to another. In fact the periodic medical overhaul was a means of bringing us into contact with the whole family at the outset.

The examination began in the consulting room with a history of the individual from his birth: his place in the family, education, illnesses, work from time of leaving school, and marriage. Then followed his family history: place of origin, trade and health of his parents, and so on. In brief, some attempt was made at elucidation of his parents' circumstances and tradition.

Then followed the medical overhaul. His vital capacities were tested: heart, lungs, kidneys, muscle, and so on. Every detail of his anatomy was reviewed: eyes, ears, nose, throat, hands, and feet. After this the accessories to medical examination, such as the stethoscope, blood-pressure apparatus, ophthalmoscope, and so on, were used for arriving at some knowledge of the state of his organs. Specimens of blood and urine were collected for laboratory examination. Nothing that we know how to investigate clinically was omitted. While the examination was in progress any detail of the family history that had been forgotten or not disclosed was revealed, for by that time the member had become entirely at his ease. While he was dressing, notes of his condition were recorded in detail for future reference as well as for statistical and research purposes.

III

For all the parents over 25 years of age examined by us we were greatly astonished to find that without exception there was something to be done and that in many there was present frank disease. The sorts of conditions we discovered may be set out under the following headings: (1) manifest disease; (2) cryptic disease; (3) precursors of disease.

Under the heading of manifest disease is included all disease recognizable by the individual who is suffering therefrom. In quite a number of parents we were surprised to find the presence of major disease by which the individual was periodically incapacitated for brief periods and for which immediate treatment was necessary. In a still greater number of the adults we found minor maladies, all causing the individual considerable inconvenience.

Why, we had to ask, in the face of the very full provision of therapeutic agencies did these conditions remain untreated? The reason is twofold. First, the disease was just bearable, and the individuals just able to carry on their work. Secondly, they had adjusted their lives to the disorders and become content to live at a lower level of existence than was necessary.

Then there is, besides these two, another source of manifest disease prevalent among the working-class population. It is that due to lack of after-care of acute incapacitating illness. For this deplorable yet inevitable state of affairs there is no possible remedy other than the provision of some organization like the Pioneer Health Centre. The circumstances demand an organization centered in the district in which the people live and provided with means, such as a periodic medical overhaul and a family club, equipped for preventing the onset and stemming the progress of disease and its attendant ills. Not only must there be a means of bringing an individual to treatment earlier, but also provision must be made for his after-care. And the organization of the Pioneer Health Centre was such that the medical staff was provided with the services of a social secretary who, knowing each family personally, was in an admirable position to deal with this urgent problem of social adjustment.

In the Centre cases of manifest disease disclosed by the periodic medical overhaul were referred to a suitable source for treatment directly they were found by the doctor conducting the overhaul. Owing to the provision of a periodic medical overhaul, disease was discovered and brought to treatment perhaps, on an average, six to ten years before in the ordinary course of events it would have reached a doctor's consulting room.

There is another category of disease which we have not yet touched: namely, cryptic disease — disease hidden from the sufferer himself. Man often has no means whatever of

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detecting disease that is robbing him of his reserves even if he does notice that he has less power than formerly. Yet the treatment of all illness is at present made to depend upon the patient diagnosing that he is ill. The doctor of the future must ask for disease at the earliest moment he himself can detect it, for only in this event can he do full justice to the patient and to his own skill.

An attempt has been made to overcome this difficulty by educational propaganda directed toward bringing the patient to the doctor earlier. In order to sift out disease the propaganda must be strewn indiscriminately throughout the population. In many ways this is undesirable, for it is apt to stress the fear of disease in the minds of the people. Instead of the emphasis falling upon health as it should, it inevitably falls upon disease. Preoccupation of the mind of the general public with disease and morbid symptoms is not desirable.

Scissor-cuts by Diederich

This, however, is not the only nor even the principal objection to the campaign of propaganda. Propaganda cannot touch the central problem, for, however efficiently it may operate, *the diagnosis of ill-health is still left to the patient.*

At the Pioneer Health Centre we had under continual medical observation average people unaware of any illness. Thus we had successfully devised an organization which brought individuals into easy contact with the doctor at regular recurring intervals. This made for the first time not only treatment but also research into the early stages of disease a possibility. And finally, by careful arrangements, where treatment of any but acute conditions was in question we were able to avoid loss of work disastrous to the man and his family and wasteful and costly to his employer. It was this fact perhaps more than any other that made our people willing to seek treatment when they were advised to do so.

Up to this point we have been dealing with established disease, both disease manifest to the patient and disease recognizable only by the doctor. In considering the precursors of disease we enter the domain of preventive medicine. Originally preventive medicine implied the branch of medicine which dealt in the main with the elimination of epidemic and parasitic diseases in the population as a whole. It concerned the mass rather than the individual. With the introduction of infant-welfare work the principle of prevention in medicine was extended to the individual, and since that time there has been developing a practice of preventive medicine running parallel with the old established practice of therapeutic medicine.

Its aim, unlike that of the older-established practice of medicine, was not directed to the cure of disease but rather to the prevention of the occurrence of disease in the baby. Gradually this form of medical practice has extended, first in an abridged form to the school child and latterly at the infant-welfare center to the young child up to school age.

Since the war the scope of industrial medicine has widened, and the practice of preventive medicine has in some cases extended to the adult in industry. Medical examination of employees is made use of to eliminate undue risk in personnel and to remedy defects in the employee likely to be detrimental to the output of the individual or to the morale of the works.

Latterly an abridged form of the practice of preventive medicine has appeared in an unexpected quarter. In America the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, finding the periodic overhaul of its clients profitable to both parties, has offered the periodic examination free to those who care to avail themselves of it. The beneficial results of this procedure alone have apparently been considerable.

IV

As we have seen in the foregoing section, the periodic medical overhaul is a net into which all disease can be gathered at the earliest moment it is recognizable by the doctor. Nevertheless this formal overhaul is insufficient as a means of observation where the prevention of disease, and still more so where health, is the goal. To prevent diseases in an

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individual it is essential for the doctor to have an opportunity of observing his habits and reactions when operating unrestrained within his environment. But it is impossible by direct question at a consultation to elicit from the man in the street information concerning his conduct and behavior. Even the trained psychologist, who is supposed to be able to detach himself sufficiently to give a description of his own temperament and habits, signally fails to do so. The doctor must himself have the opportunity of observing the individual in the course of his ordinary life.

To meet this need we threw open the accommodations available in the small house in Peckham as a club and cafeteria for the use of member families daily from two till ten P.M. Here, perhaps twice or three times a week, the mother with the young children would come in the afternoon. The children went to the nursery under a Sister's care while the mother had tea in the clubroom with the other members. The schoolchildren joined her at four o'clock, and all stayed till six, when the mother returned home in time to put the small children to bed and to prepare supper. On other evenings after the father had had his tea and a wash he and his wife would come and spend the evening with the other parents at the Centre.

Out of this association of the members all sorts of social activities gradually became established in the club. The Centre became in a very real sense a center of the members' social life. In this field the doctors moved freely among the people. Here ample opportunity occurred of making observations to supplement those gathered in the consulting room. Here it was that we were able to detect a number of

ill-defined conditions, physical and mental alike, all of which might be called precursors of disease. For convenience of description these may be divided roughly into two categories: (1) bad habits; (2) maladjustments.

By the timely correction of habits calculated by their cumulative action to induce illness, we were able, through the organization of the Pioneer Health Centre, to *prevent the onset of disease*. This is of greater value than the cure of disease, even in its earliest stages. But the value of prevention by correction of bad habits or otherwise is difficult to assess practically. Where disease has been prevented who can say that it would surely have ensued in the absence of any interference? The more satisfactorily disease is prevented, the less there is to show for it in immediate results.

Maladjustments may best be described under two headings: (1) physical; (2) psychological. Of the former, we find many. There was the man who was habitually overclothed because his wife was afraid he would catch cold. There was the woman with flat feet because her shoes were too tight, the man with lumbago who was found by the orthopedic surgeon to be pushing his barrow with a faulty action of the muscles. There was the man suffering from sleeplessness and fatigue and fear of consumption due to a night cough. He was found at the periodic medical overhaul to have a denture fifteen years old which was loose and which slipped back into the throat inducing a cough whenever he lay down.

Other physical maladjustments were found in people who had had good medical or surgical advice years before and whose condition, then wisely treated, now needed readjustment. The readjustment was always followed by an increased sense of well-being and a slightly heightened sense of responsibility for the individual and for his health.

These things in themselves seem trifling. It is not sufficiently realized by the lay public, by the employer of labor, or indeed by those engaged in the practice of preventive medicine in welfare work how far-reaching are the results of trivial disorders. Every maladjustment has its influence, subtle though it may be, on the individual and also on his environment. Even the most minor conditions will be enough to wear down the buoyancy of an individual

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and render him prone to fatigue with its attendant ills — such as bad temper, apathy, and moroseness. When these conditions are continuously present in parents they tend to overshadow the home and thereby to limit the range of the child's environment. Where the aim of a medical organization is focused on the welfare of the child, as it was in the Pioneer Health Centre, it is imperative that it should embrace within the scope of its activities all those factors in the environment which lend themselves to amelioration — even the most trifling.

What is true of physical maladjustments is still more true of psychological ones. The repercussion on the home of psychological disturbances in the parents is incalculable. The following case illustrates the point. One young and once-good-looking mother suffered periodically from severe depression. She looked ill-cared-for in person, was careless in her behavior, and frequently contemplated suicide. In her small room-of-all-work she was unable to manage the three children who clung to her skirts all day. She suffered from headaches. Her husband was indifferent and seldom at home. She had no friends. There was no prospect of any change in her circumstances. The doctor, on becoming aware of her state of mind through the medical overhaul of both husband and wife, advised her for rest and relaxation to seek companionship in the club at the Centre from three to six daily and to bring her troublesome children with her and put them regularly in the charge of the Sister in the nursery. As a result of this very simple advice, after a few weeks she found that her children, being well-content with the constructive play under the Sister's direction, were quieter. When she took them home at six they were ready to go to bed. The mother was thus left free for the first time in many months to cook a meal for the father on his return home from work in the evening. Within a month the husband was heard to remark that a miracle had been worked upon his wife, for he said, "She is more like the girl I married." This remark was not made in the consulting room but in the club on one of the evenings of the week when, along with the other mothers and fathers, he and his wife had come together to spend the evening and join in one or another of the activities that were taking place there. This very change in the husband and the renewal of his appreciation for his wife acted as a tonic and stimulant to lift her depression.

Thus we see that in more ways than one the club was an essential of the medical organization. It cannot be sufficiently emphasized that the medical overhaul set in the atmosphere of a social club gave the doctors a peculiarly easy access to the confidence of each individual member of the family. Moreover, the overhaul in such circumstances was free from the forebodings of disease and unassociated with questions of economic loss or gain; thus for the examinee nothing ominous seemed to hang upon it. Shorn of all ulterior motive the overhaul presented purely an opportunity for the individual to improve his condition. This the workingman took eagerly.

V

WHATEVER FACTORS may assist in developing the activities of the parents simultaneously improve the environment for the growing children, who learn from the example afforded by the actions of the parents. But the influence of the environment is yet more subtle. The now-widened environment itself reacts upon the parents. New stimuli not previously appreciable still further enhance their activities. Again the child reaps the benefit. And so it goes on, till eventually the child itself begins to widen the scope of the environment for the parents. The circle is complete. The individual and his environment are inseparable. They are, moreover, in function reciprocally stimulant. To attain healthy action in the individual the environment cannot be left out of account.

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The next problem which we set out to solve was part of the general problem which faced us in the Pioneer Health Centre: namely, that of education in the wide field of prevention of disease and in the still more important field of the development of health.

Experience led us to believe that the method of lectures and distribution of pamphlets was not sufficiently intimate to be suited to our people. But infection with ideas under the name of rumor or gossip is a contagion only too-well recognized as usually operating for ill. Why not take advantage of this natural source of power for the spread of feeling and ideas and turn it to some constructive end?

Every facility for this personal infection with feeling and ideas existed in the Pioneer Health Centre. A mother, having kept her appointment with the doctor at the welfare clinic, went into the clubroom for tea, where she found her friends knitting, sewing, and talking. All that took place in the consulting room was passed from mother to mother in the course of conversation. She told her friends in her own language, so that in their turn they understood as much as they could feel through her. So the news gradually filtered down through the members till even the least alert had heard and understood all she could grasp.

We realized too that the isolation in which the artisan of big cities dwells is a specific source of disease — physical, psychological, and social alike. To combat this influence in the Centre, in addition to the work that devolved upon her as a direct result of the requirements of the members as revealed by the medical overhaul, the social secretary assumed the rôle of dispenser of social remedies. During the evenings any member perplexed by or in doubt as to how to proceed with some undertaking would drop in and have a talk while paying his weekly subscription.

In this advisory capacity the social secretary carried out much the same sort of activity as that which the social worker attached to a hospital carries out under the name of almoning. But the hospital almoner cannot meet the individual until after the disaster and must exert her efforts to tide over trouble and avert further difficulty. The social secretary at the Centre met the individual before disaster had come upon him and exerted her efforts in assisting him to promote his own welfare through his own endeavor.

Furthermore, the information thus obtained was not restricted to the individual who received it, for what more natural topic of conversation in the clubroom than the latest conversation with the social secretary? And what more natural than to infect others with the ideas newly caught? Thus this availability of information in itself proved a means of widening the outlook and activities of the parents and enabled them to operate rather more fully in their own environment.

VI

In our search after health we had come face to face with disease in the great majority of those who came within our purview: disease thrusting and obtruding itself upon the attention of the sufferer; disease lurking hidden but insidious under the concealment of the compensatory processes of the body; potential disease; and the probability of ill-health threatening from the ambush of limiting conditions and ill-ordered lives. We had been able to ascertain the nature of the social conditions to which our medical attention was directed by means of the period overhaul supplemented by observations in the social club. These facilities had for the first time given us the opportunity of diagnosing not merely the nature of an individual's illness but also the fact of his illness. The situation demanded more than this. We had to invent a means of influencing the social life of our members and of widening their environment, particularly in the home — the nucleus of the social life. To this end we made use of the family club and of the services of the social secretary as an integral part of the medical organization.

We have set out health as our objective, and it might be asked why have we given so much attention to the diagnosis and treatment of disease. The reason is that the only possible approach to fuller health is through the child, but the child must perforce be born and bred in the environment of the parents. This being the case the first step necessary is to do all that modern knowledge can suggest to give us as a starting point the healthiest parents in the healthiest home.

(*Concluded in the next issue*)

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CAN PRAYER BE ANSWERED?—II

BY MARY AUSTIN

Woodcut by Benjamin Miller *Courtesy of the Kennedy Gallery*

THE FIRST supernormal figures that shaped themselves on the horizon of prayer were purely mythical and grew into personalities through being recognized as threads of the general fabric of humanity — gods of love, of war, and fertility. This was so clear to me that I never had any difficulty about using the mythical or half-mythical figures — angels, the Mother of God, St. Joseph — prototypes of the power invoked. Such as these had been so worked upon by the imagination of men that they saved time in directing the motions of the inner self — what I have called the gestures of authentic prayer. But I couldn't do that with the saints who were the projection of fact, whose methods and the story of whose lives had become integral items of history. There was St. Francis of Assisi, who had a well-authenticated record of having accomplished much of the sort of thing I wanted to do, and out of the midst of extreme personal poverty.

By the time I arrived at knowing much about St. Francis I also knew that most of the things I wished to do couldn't be done out of the income I could make through the life work I had chosen — such things as establishing the values of Indian art and literature or saving the aptitudes for handicraft and drama which had been the contribution of our Spanish colonial population.

I couldn't expect to make much money by the sort of writing I wished to do and I couldn't pray for it. I had to keep my sources pure of any alien influence which might affect its quality. I could pray, and I did, that it should become the best that could be summoned out of my natural endowment, but I couldn't pray that it would be the kind that made the most money. And I hit upon the idea that if I could find how Francis of Assisi managed to do what he did without any money, being so poor and so effective, I might — if there was anything in prayer — manage it for myself. What he did first of all was to conceive of poverty as holy; not to feel sorry for himself because he was poor, but to think of himself as in the highest possible relation to it — married to Holy Poverty. His poverty became for him a personal relation which he had voluntarily assumed — one which was never to be thought of as interdicting him for the highly organized contributive things he wished to do. It was a situation so completely accepted and so simple that if he found himself wanting money for what he wished to do he simply asked for it and, by all accounts, got it.

Probably his method consisted in holding himself completely in the essentials of what he

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wanted to do and from that making the gesture of doing with great directness and simplicity. There is humor in it and poetry and grace of mind, never interrupted. I worked it out that way after a while for myself but I had to go further than he left any direction for going before I got through with it. What I found out was that I couldn't always get the means of doing what I wanted done for myself. Instead of wishing I could do it, I had to wish simply that it would be done and surrender the pleasure of the task into other hands. I had to lie still and think out how it could be done, clearing a path by which it could be best accomplished, and be content that other people should walk in it. And after a little experiment I discovered how it could be brought about that they came and walked. Indian arts have moved on to a point in public attention where the interest of the government has been fixed on them. The Spanish arts have revived to a pitch from which it is impossible that they shall completely fall away. Folk art of every description is taking its fully merited place in American esteem, and by quiet and often by secret ways the path of this accomplishment contacts and crosses the way of my own thought, so that I can foretell and often spy out long in advance the point of its emergence. Thousands of dollars have flowed through my hands towards these enterprises, but I need the actual money less and less. As long as I continue to make the compelling gesture in my mind that for thirty-five years I have unremittingly made, the money can work as well through other hands. That is the indispensable item of this sort of creative effort — that you must believe that there is working within the created universe Mind so essentially like man's mind that the two can meet and co-operate.

I do not profess to understand completely the interlocking of these separate forces. But my own experience in working at folk art in the United States clearly bears out the conclusion that this is one of the things that Mind — Wokanda, as I prefer to call it in the Indian fashion — cares about, works out subconsciously but with explicit direction; and you can come into it with casual effect even though you may not be able to perform all the activities required for its success. Just how far this capacity for individual participation extends I do not know, but I am convinced that when any such activity is motivated by a genuine desire for its emergence in appreciable form that prayer augments the effect even more than it does the effort at sophisticated art. You get at folk art more easily by prayer because it is a tendency that works normally within the whole subconsciousness and is more likely to be motivated by a genuine desire for its emergence than the sophisticated art which is motivated by a desire for the activity itself. It is experiences of this character which give me to understand why tribal prayer and early Christian efforts at group prayer were more successful than they are at present. The Catholic idea back of the organization of sacred societies was a true apprehension of the mechanics of spiritual power; the making of places and institutions, whereby the prayer desire could be perpetuated and continuously made for specific effects, has had much to do with the success of such monasteries, convents, and sodalities because the membership actually participates in the motions of prayer, while in Protestant usage the minds of the petitioners merely ape the motions of the leader. I know that by keeping true to the actual motions required I can lie in my bed, as I have recently done in an illness requiring the attention of two nurses, and quietly call together the money needed to keep a valued specimen of Spanish art from slipping away out of the community.

II

It was a long time before I would willingly describe the details of processes such as I have just mentioned. I had to try all methods first and suffer many failures to separate the essential motions from those that are merely temperamental and individual. Necessarily my experiment has been restricted to the things I was interested in, so that I had to let many opportunities for experiment go. I never learned, for instance, what so many women ask me, how to get a husband by prayer. I never needed one sufficiently to submit myself to that discipline. Yet because it is so natural a desire; because it must work; because the principle of mating is so consistently within the innermost constitution of humanity, I should think it wouldn't be at all difficult. I wouldn't pray for one desperately, not because desperate

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prayers aren't answered, but because so often the answer goes wrong, perverted, disarranged. You might by that process get a husband who would beat you or one who turned out a drunkard. I wouldn't, for similar reasons, pray for money for myself; so although I get enough to carry on the work I am interested in, I only just manage personally to keep beyond the edge of anxiety.

It is at this business of making explicit gestures with your mind that most people fail. Most people don't explicitly wish for things; they merely formlessly long for them, "express" as the Christian Scientists say, "a lack." You can't get by with mere yearning. Some of the gestures I have had to make have called for discipline and long-contained practice, but I hold them indispensable. The first is the gesture known to the saints as recollection, which is defined in the dictionary as "reflexively to compose oneself." The first part of it is an act of choice; separating from all the items that claim your attention those that are pertinent to the subject you have in hand — calling together and ordering the qualities you are likely to require, the experiences from which you will need to draw, and banishing all else. Then you meditate. You sit quietly, all the stray tags and streamers of your attention tucked in, all your energies folded and at hand. You run through the problem which has inspired your need of prayer, brushing gently aside all intrusive matter; not thrusting and struggling but with complete composure and not with your mind clamped down on it but holding it easily with the flow of breath. The efficacy of your prayer will depend greatly on the success of your meditation and your elimination from it of all extraneous matter. This should lead naturally and directly into the next state, which is of complete detachment. This is most difficult to accomplish; it consists in making the mind a blank like the clean round on the screen before the film is run, and it can be seldom maintained more than a few minutes. Once it is achieved images begin to rise from the deeps and move lightly across the cleared space of the mind. Do not try to seize and hold them; those that are significant will return again. With me they tend to come back at the first waking, early in the morning before the mind is fully aroused; but it is not important that they do so. Their value and significance is the notice they give that your mind, reaching back, has encountered the principle to which you pray, working forward, and engaged it.

After a few minutes of this — I seldom give more than fifteen minutes to the whole exercise unless I am breaking new ground, and a longer time for meditation is required — begins the formal prayer. I find it better to have it formulated so that it can be run off rapidly, as prayers are recited in the Catholic Church, leaving no cranny for obtrusive thought to intervene, and after three or four repetitions pass gradually into extemporaneous prayer in which any points that may require particular attention may be developed. I then close with an acknowledgment of thanks to whatever helping power has been called upon. I think this is helpful and important; it is a confirmative gesture which strengthens faith and aids in that act of vivid personalization which is important to successful prayer. Actually, I think when you can find a personality to which prayer can logically be addressed it is better to do so. I can't always find one, although I don't in the least mind addressing myself, if the occasion calls for it, to the People of the Middle Heaven. It doesn't matter so much about the reality of those to whom the prayer is addressed, but addressing it to a personality gives reality to the gesture.

III

When I first began to be interested and visited women in convents to learn more of the practical lore of prayer, I used to hear a great deal about a condition known as dryness, in which the prayer appeared to make no connection and win no response. I remember one saintly Mother Abbess who told me that she got relief from that condition by kneeling on a broomstick — the idea being that to escape the torture involved the spirit made a great leap upward and so avoided dryness. But I came to see after a while that that condition really came from the fatigue of constantly indulging in prayer, and that it could be relieved by rest or by so simple a method as changing the exercise from prayer to worship or thanksgiving. I do not recommend any remedy for inutile prayer except rest or change such as would relieve any inordinate exercise. I do not myself

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keep any inviolable hour of prayer, except when I have an unaccomplished enterprise on hand, such as the writing of a book or the raising of money for some indispensable activity, such as purchasing Sancturio, the sole remaining example of the Spanish colonial private chapel, intact in every particular. In such cases I pray regularly every day until the project is assured.

One of the curiosities of the history of prayer is that, although group prayer was invariably practiced throughout the early stages of all religions and is still extensively used by the Catholic Church, there exists no treatise nor any illuminating comment on the technique of the method. The only thing of the kind mentioned by the saints is the novena, a nine-day, continuous, concerted petition, usually for sickness or for the lifting of an epidemic. Special novenas have been written for intercession through a particular saint and are easily available, but the only special point about them is that they are supposed to be undertaken in concert, every participant going through with every word and gesture. But this is not invariably the case, and they are frequently gone through without an attempt at concerted movement. The only point to be observed is that every individual makes all the movements. But in tribal group prayers everything is rehearsed, timed, and wrought with great identic particularity — dress, gesture, movement participated in by hundreds of tribal members. These appear to be, to one who has witnessed scores of them, so successful that I am certain that if any acute community need arose, say for rain, the white people would readily lend the Indians whatever they needed to put one of these prayer ceremonies through. One who is attentive to Catholic practice also hears of frequent cures wrought by novenas, so that on the whole one wonders why group prayer has been allowed to lapse so completely in the Protestant Christian Church. One feels that many causes dear to the mass of humanity — such, for instance, as the avoidance of war or of such economic conditions as now prevail — might be definitely expedited by the use of mass prayer.

It is perhaps because of the failure of intellectual belief in the explicit personalities through whom the answer to prayer is supposed to come that the practice of prayer as a social therapeutic has declined. If I had one purpose more than another in writing these articles it was to testify that by whatever names it has been addressed and under whatever theology it has always been an identic adventure, a forward-moving gesture to meet something that works perpetually within the constitution of the created universe. But it is chiefly because I have nothing to offer by way of more explicit naming and description of what it is that *works* that I know now I will never write a book about it. Being one of those people who can easily "believe six impossible things before breakfast," I can get on admirably with whatever names and symbols there are. But I understand that what most people want is some new light on the nature and structure of godhead which would make prayer seem a factual reality rather than what it is to me — an experiential reality. I feel it, act it, go through with it, and am convinced that I get experiential results. I feel about and get in touch with it under the surface of that complicated structure we call human nature. I have not been afraid to experiment with it nor to make my experience known. But I have to admit that I do not know its one unchanging name. Whatever I call it by, it works. I fancy it works better the nearer I get to its absolute name, because the nearer I am to that the closer I come to its actual identity. I think if somebody who is studying evolution would come through with a clearer notion of what evolution is, what it is that evolves at the very core of things I might know what to call it. I am quite sure it is tied up with all our processes of being and becoming. But I don't know yet what it is.

To Be Published Soon:
"What Profiteth a Man?"
by Lewis Sherburne

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THE RAGGED ARMY

What Shall We Do about Chronic Unemployment?

BY ELWOOD STREET

I PROPOSE that as soon as emergency measures for re-employment are over and business swings back to normal, as the Federal Administration prophesies it will this spring, every American community organize a permanent Employment Committee to demobilize the residual army of the unemployed.

Even when prosperity has fully returned to the country and all of the forces evoked by the Administration have done their utmost to put America back to work and to relieve unemployment, unless effort of a specialized kind is made, a permanent army of the unemployed will still remain. In that army's ill-assorted ranks will be millions of men and women who will never be employed again — at least on jobs of the kind they left. These residual battalions of the jobless cannot be completely and permanently demobilized by a 40-hour working week, a 35-hour working week, or a 30-hour working week; by a Civilian Conservation Corps; or by Public Works or Civil Works programs — no matter how valuable these devices are and will be for the great majority of the unemployed. The dejected doughboys of this tatterdemalion army will be the men and women who have been disinherited by industrial change. Companies and regiments of that army will be found in every American community. They'll be billeted on us, one way or another.

In bygone "normal" times three or four million unemployed casual laborers drifted from job to job throughout the United States. These hoboes or itinerant workers rode the brake rods or hitch-hiked from job to job with the changing seasons of the year and with the ebb and flow of industrial tides: from lumbering to harvesting, from one engineering project to another, or from highway building to dam construction. In addition we always have with us in good times as in bad the "bums," the drifters, and the "Weary Willies." They wander from place to place, "looking for work and hoping they won't find it."

But these tramp steamers and derelicts should not be confused with the residual unemployed. The latter were steadily employed before their jobs were blown away by the economic cyclone of the last four years. How many of these residual unemployed there are or will be no one knows. It is safe to say, however, that out of the probably 13,000,000 or more who were unemployed last summer at least 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 are included in this residual group. They never again will get back their old jobs, whether butcher, baker, candlestick maker, miner, farm laborer, stockbroker, or whatever else. These jobs and their former occupants are like the eggshell and the yolk of our childhood Humpty Dumpty. Once these modern Humpty Dumpties fall from the wall of vocational security, it is a trying task to put them together again.

SOCIAL DISLOCATION

THE REASONS for this prospect of nonrefillable jobs are many. A page could be filled with just the names of the causes which the vocational experts have concocted, such as "international relations and other inexorable forces," to quote a recent report: a ghastly chowder of economic odds and ends on which suffering humanity has almost choked to death.

The first of these factors, as we all know, is

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found in the technical advances which have been made since 1929 in industrial and business procedure. Efficiency engineers have done their utmost to find ways in which human workers can be replaced by machinery, unnecessary processes be eliminated, and complex procedure be simplified. Recently, in hearings before the National Recovery Administration, representatives of the electrical industry stated that even though a 35-hour week were installed as proposed, because of improved mechanism it would take an 11½-hour work week to employ now those employed four years ago in this trade. The nation is faced with a movement for economy in business and industrial operation which cannot be stopped and which clearly means the displacement of a large proportion of the working population. Practically every American community has and will have such technological change.

The second element in this residual unemployment is the displacement of whole industries or of large parts of them by other industries. We are all aware of the plight of the coal miners whose work has been made unnecessary by the use of hydroelectric power, fuel oil, and natural and manufactured gas in the fields of domestic and industrial heating and power production. So serious has the coal miners' problem become that governmental plans are under way, through the Division of Subsistence Homesteads of the Department of the Interior and through the Civil Works Administration, to move large numbers of miners and their families back onto the farm — a major operation performed by social surgeons. That is a shift in occupation of the type which we shall see, in greater or lesser degree, in many lines of industry. Clearly, a steadily increasing number of people either are permanently out of employment or must find new jobs in which they must utilize new skills and abilities. Almost every town and city suffers and will suffer from this kind of vocational displacement.

The third factor in the problem of permanent unemployment is that of joblessness caused by age itself. Many industries have had a definite age limit for employment, either with or without pension systems. Tens of thousands of people in the past four years have passed the age limit of employment in those jobs which they formerly held. They would not be re-employed even if those jobs were to be open again. And when these jobs are again filled, they will be taken by younger and more vigorous people. In addition, industry in general has been practicing a steadily lower retirement age. A member of the United States Civil Service Commission recently advocated the closing of the Civil Service rolls to persons over 40 years old. The great numbers of young people who have come of working age since 1929 will not be denied. Old age has not its reward in jobs to be given or retained in this time of stress or afterward. The endless belt of life moves on in every community, carrying to the scrap pile those old and worn-out parts of the social mechanism which can be replaced by newer, sturdier human material.

These three factors of technical advance — displacement between industries, retirement because of advancing age, and retirement at lower age limits — lead to the inevitable conclusion that, under conditions of depression especially and in normal times to a lesser degree, millions of people now unemployed throughout the United States will never be employed again, at least at the jobs which they once occupied — and those are the jobs which, in the main, they want!

This doleful preamble does not mean that these millions of residual unemployed will necessarily be dependent upon public or private relief funds of city, state, and nation. The National Recovery Administration with its codes and the Public Works and Civil Works Administrations with their billions of 60-cent dollars will keep millions of workers from the scrap heap and rescue millions of others. Other less-obvious but quite-important salvage agencies are in sight, too. Substitutes, such as the Civil Works Administration, for mere material relief of the unemployed are already operating in every American community; and several possibilities lie ahead for re-employment at other work, for those who are displaced from their old jobs.

Security for All

For a large number of those persons who are displaced on account of their advancing years, old-age pensions are likely soon to be available. The legislative sessions of last winter and spring brought to 25 the number of

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states which have either required or allowed old-age insurance. This movement has been so sweeping that the former American Association for Old Age Security decided a few months ago to change its name to the American Association for Social Security and to drive for unemployment and health insurance, as well as for old-age pensions. There's strategy to fit the New Deal! A recent bulletin of this American Association for Old Age Security says, "In the face of depression and insistent demands for government economy the progress made this year was so great as to surprise even the most optimistic advocate of old-age pensions. The importance of the achievement is shown by the fact that the number of persons whose old age has been made secure will be increased 65 per cent when all the new laws are in effect." The number of inhabitants in the states and counties actually paying pensions now is close to 55,000,000 or 45 per cent of the inhabitants of the country. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt herself has announced her advocacy of old-age pensions. The people of every state which does not have old-age pensions should be studying the subject and working toward adoption of effective legislation.

The millions of persons under pension age and not covered by pension law and who never will get their old jobs back need other protection, however. So far as possible, they must be given a chance to help themselves through placement in new work and through re-education for work that they can do.

Many people, of course, will learn on their new jobs, when they get them, adapting skills and abilities which can be readily transferred from one kind of work to another. They will be beneficiaries of the new United States Employment Service, which was set up last summer in the Department of Labor. By February 1, the Employment Service and its co-ordinate Re-employment Service, closely co-operating with city and state employment systems, had placed nearly 4,000,000 people in public and private work, including a large part of the Civil Works jobs. Over 15,000 volunteers in 3,400 communities have been enrolled as members of state and local advisory committees. The long-time plan of this co-ordinated mechanism is so to mobilize resources of work and of workers throughout the country that the jobless worker and the workerless job may be put together in the shortest possible time and with the greatest possible effectiveness. Workers will be helped, so far as possible, to those positions for which they are best adapted by experience, skill, and ability. Advice will be given to the prospective worker as to that work for which he is most nearly qualified. Through this nation-wide system a tremendous number of people can be assigned to the new kinds of work which changing industry and business require, as our nation gets back on its economic feet and crawls out of the valley of despair into the full light of the new day which is dawning. Almost every American community now is part of this system. This interest should be fitted into a general program for the residual unemployed.

One of the biggest jobs of attacking this residual unemployment can be done, however, through the nation-wide program of vocational education which is represented by the Division of Vocational Education of the United States Office of Education of the Department of Education and state boards for vocational education in all forty-eight states, the Territory of Hawaii, and the Island of Porto Rico. By this nation-wide program of vocational education young people are trained for that work for which they may be fitted; but more than that, adults are re-educated to work which they can do adequately and well.

Through the federal office research is carried on regarding better methods of training people for new occupations. Much experimentation has been done, especially in teaching foremen in turn to train workers on the job, so that they can learn while working. The federal office operates a Rehabilitation Service which is concerned especially with the training of those who are displaced in industry because of a physical handicap. That experience helps with the able-bodied unemployed; because the man who has been displaced in industry and cannot find work of the kind for which he has acquired skill is just as much handicapped in his pursuit of work as is the person who has lost an arm or a leg. After all, skills are extensions of personality.

This federal-state vocational program includes trade and industrial education. The federal office helps state education systems to

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select suitable men and to provide training for them through trade schools, through industry, and through co-ordinated part-time education and part-time employment. Extension classes in trade and industry have been developed recently in many states. Thus persons who are already employed help to keep up-to-date in their lines of service and are more secure in their jobs. There is increasing acceptance of the idea that a wage earner should have a secondary occupation on which he can fall back in time of depression, such as industrial activity and small-time farming.

A good example of the way in which industry changes, making need for new training, was the problem of a railroad-locomotive repair shop in a small city. The railroad decided to abandon the repair of locomotives and to go into car building and freight-car repairing. Many of the people living in this city owned their own homes and preferred to stay there rather than move away. The State Vocational Education Service came in several months before the change in work and offered "conversion" training. This principle can be widely used for adapting the wage earner to industrial change beyond his control. Almost every municipality has contact now with the program of vocational education and re-education. It must form part of our community planning for demobilization of the residual army of the unemployed.

Finishing Touches

Important as vocational education and er-education are for preparing workers, new and old, for old and new work, every town and city must also provide new work — more than now is in sight. At the present time there are not enough jobs to go around. Shorter work days and work weeks will not spread all the work among all "want-works." Even the Public Works and Civil Works programs, on which such great hopes are laid, are merely "bridges to industrial recovery" — until that miraculous time when everybody employable has a job.

To close the gap, every community must organize its forces to create new desires, new funds, and new plans for new services in which people can be employed. The 30-, 35-, and 40-hour weeks which the new industrial codes are setting up will bring vastly increased amounts of leisure to employed people. They will have some money at least to pay for activities to be carried on in that new leisure time.

What is done with this leisure is highly important; for use of spare hours may range all the way from kidnaping a millionaire to writing a symphony. It is important, too, from the point of view of the people we employ in our spare hours. That employment may be for clerks who sell garden seeds for part-time gardeners; for garage men who repair automobiles used on week-end trips; for instructors in crooning and ukelele strumming; for playground directors; for keepers of forest preserves; and for teachers in community centers and in public-school adult-education classes.

Some of these new services can be financed out of earnings. Some of them must be paid for by government. But these social services must be provided and paid for, somehow, if all the unemployed and employable are to be absorbed.

Indeed, a civilization can be pretty well judged by its richness, by those leisure-time activities in which its citizens engage, and by those products and services which they use, over and above the material necessities of life. We have mastered the task of producing all that our nation needs of so-called necessities. We now must master the task of producing and distributing all that our nation can use of facilities for making life beautiful and significant for all — and of utilizing in these social services those people who cannot be used in production of material necessities. Through this enrichment of life and through the employment of people trained to lead and instruct in bringing that color and depth and variety to life, we can help to meet the challenge of shifting industrial and socialized employment. This is a task for every community which will benefit that community even more than it benefits the residual unemployed. But it will not operate itself. It must be made part of a community plan.

Long-Range Planning

Here, then, are four devices and procedures (aside from the large-scale activities of the NRA and of the Public Works and Civil Works Administrations) which American communities may develop for salvaging

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the wealth of human material which otherwise would be on the scrapheap of unemployability: old-age pensions and the other forms of social insurance; the United States Employment Service; the nation-wide system for vocational education and re-education, promoted by the Division of Vocational Education of the Federal Office of Education; and the development of services to provide for the demands of the new leisure. All of these are necessary elements in the process of demobilizing the army of the unemployed.

As I have already said, however, none of these devices for unscrapping the human scrap heap will operate themselves; and they must operate unitedly, not separately. Aimed at one object, they must function through concerted planning.

Every American community should therefore set up promptly a permanent Employment Planning Council. It should include representatives of all groups interested in finding and creating employment; in training people for employment and placing them in employment; in providing relief for the unemployed; in promoting wholesome use of leisure time. This planning body should include representatives of state and national employment and educational services. It should include representation of all races, creeds, and classes. It should command the strongest leadership available in the community. It should be devoted to the principle of planning the social and economic life of the community as carefully as the physical life is now planned by city planning commissions.

This Council should have a competent full-time or part-time secretarial staff. It should secure each month from the Department of Labor, the Employment Service, or any other source reasonably accurate figures as to the proportionate amount of unemployment in the community and the kinds of skill which are represented in that unemployment. It should plan ways in which to secure or create work, either public or private, suited to the unemployed and see that those plans are carried out. It should bring to bear all necessary measures for vocational education and re-education of those able to work and for whom work suited to their skill and ability cannot be found. It should see that temporary relief measures are adequate. It should work, when necessary, for state old-age-pension and unemployment-insurance systems and be sure that the systems, when set up, operate effectively. It should keep in touch with general programs for removal of surplus industrial population to subsistence farms and help in setting up such farms and in moving suitable persons to them. It should act always on the premise that in an industrial civilization a suitable job is the first requisite for every able-bodied man and for many women; and that the securing of such work and the training of people for it and placing them in it is the responsibility of society and not of the individual. A community is not a community, unless it can plan in such terms.

Local community planning is not enough, however. The problem of residual unemployment goes beyond city, county, and state lines. Under modern conditions of communication and transportation, the whole nation is a community. Local Employment Planning Councils must be represented in state Employment Planning Councils; and they in turn in a federal Employment Planning Council, including representation of federal departments and administrations, nation-wide professional and citizens' organizations, and state employment planning bodies. From the local community to the national community is not too wide a sweep for the handling of this problem of wiping out the residual army of the unemployed.

This plan may sound visionary, but it is not. Most American cities have Councils of Social Agencies, or similar planning bodies. They could readily take the leadership in such a movement in their own communities. Where such bodies are lacking, Chambers of Commerce or Advisory Councils of the National Employment Service could assume the initiative. There are already State Advisory Councils and a National Advisory Council, in the Employment Service, which could help in such a program, as well as a National Council of Social Agencies.

The way in which to attack the job is clear. The problem is patent to all of us. The evils of the receding depression are fresh in our minds. Let us learn by experience; utilize the means at hand; and take concerted communal, state, and national action by which we may abolish forever from our nation that inhumane institution — the residual army of the unemployed.

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THE YOUNG MAN'S DILEMMA

BY DAN W. GILBERT

A MAJOR CRITICISM leveled, both at home and abroad, against young men of America is that they are manifesting no interest in the momentous task of righting the world's ills; they are making for real or imagined righteousness no concerted crusades comparable to those embodied in the "youth movements" so irrepressibly rampant across the water. Without encountering serious challenge, the idea has gained currency that American youth has sat by in moronic unconcern or has danced, drunk, and romanced in imbecilic incomprehension, while the nation has gone very nearly to pot. Foreign observers make the most of it, heralding it as a precious portent of Columbia's decay; our own watchmen of the night palliate it and apologize as best they can; but all seem to accept it. Some allege that it is due to post-adolescent frivolity and fiberless softness, which will be outgrown; others pretend to perceive that youth's apparent apathy is not due to stupid indifference or shallow incomprehension but rather is the "outer shield of the spirit of fortitude with which young people are bearing up under trying adversity."

This last theory falls of its own weight when we consider one patent fact: cynical youth has no faith in the future! And to bear the present with fortitude, while only a worse fate is in sight, is not stoicism but stolid resignation of a decidedly morbid character when found in young people who should possess an inborn aspiration and enthusiasm to rebuild the world nearer heart's desire. It is difficult to understand how anyone but an imbecile or a senile invalid can view the ruins of world conditions to-day without feeling an impelling impulse to do something about it.

THE TRIUNE TYRANNIES

WHAT then is responsible for the apparent apathy of the young victims of well-nigh engulfing chaos? In the first place, it must be recognized that the young man of to-day is not really apathetic; he is bewildered. He wants to rebel against the present set-up, he wants to crusade for a better world but he cannot find an intellectually satisfying program. He is too intelligent to go about tilting at windmills. He is too smart to waste his strength crashing his head against a brick wall. He can see no satisfaction in baying at the moon. Hence, he can find no way to turn, no beckoning vista down which to march with crusading zeal to a new Eden. He sees only disaster and disillusion at the end of the old trails trodden by the young revolutionists of days agone. He knows that the lure of Utopian mirages leads only into withering simoons; that following the formula of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" led to wholesale guillotining; that striking the chains off the proletariat resulted in the riveting of heavier fetters in their stead; that "making the world safe for democracy" made representative government almost anathema to the European mind. The young man of to-day is too well grounded in history and entirely too wary to be taken in by the old catchwords and claptrap of outworn theories of revolution and reform, discredited in a dozen laboratory tests.

While the present-day youth doubtless owns the Spirit of '76, he is obliged to keep it bottled up, for lack of a satisfactory formula for expressing it. The set-up of civilization has changed; it has become infinitely involved and intricate, colossally complex. There are no "obvious lines," no self-evident plans by which to pursue reformation.

A revolution to-day must build as well as destroy. It must be primarily positive, far-visioned, and directed by the intellect and not the passions. It cannot be wholly negative and destructive, blindly directed against the

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tyranny of king or pope. Humanity's garden to-day cannot be brought into happy efflorescence by simply rooting out weeds; reform cannot issue from a concerted crusade against "manifest evils." Youthful contemporary would-be rebels can only smile at the naïveté of those who proceeded upon the assumption that Utopia would be a *fait accompli* upon the successful strangulation of the last king with the entrails of the last priest.

Young men who spent their adolescence pillorying religion and flouting constituted authority must recognize that at least part of our problem — of their own personal problem for that matter — lies in the loosening of the hold of governmental and ecclesiastical forces. An impotent government and an ineffectual church have brought little besides reckless living, gangster rule, and wholesale debauchery and even destruction of all who believe that life should be lived not only well but also wisely and honorably.

Nor has the devitalizing of conventional morality — that third of the triune tyrannies against which young rebels of Shelley's time railed — brought the longed-for freedom, joy, and full-orbed existence of which Godwin and his poetic son-in-law dreamed. No, the serious-minded young man who found in his college days that he couldn't get a date unless he packed something on the hip and couldn't keep her unless he worshiped with her at the throne of Eros; the young man who has undergone the oppressive tyranny of living in a world where the one unpardonable sin is to be "slow" or sober, where one must either conform to a degrading form of slavery to self-indulgence or be shunned as a social pariah — such a young man cannot but doubt the blessings of the "new freedom," and perhaps even entertain some misgivings as to whether practical bondage to high ideals and cruel conventions may not be preferable to the rigors of going the pace.

Farewell to Revolution

Nor can the youth of to-day work up much enthusiasm over crusading against "malefactors of great wealth," the crimes of corporate combines, and the tyranny of the trusts. He is aware that early in March, 1933, the dream of last generation's muckrakers came true: with all their giant empires in collapse and all their mighty engines of manipulation and dominance lying paralyzed, the puissant overlords of high finance dropped prostrate on their knees and begged the government which once they ruled with ruthless sway to extend to them a new lease on life. The great bankers, the great financial tyrants, Wall Street itself all were helpless, powerless. Their power and prestige had been declining for several years; their menace to the masses had dwindled to a mere empty apparition — and yet Utopia was not in sight! And despite the rosy predictions of the reformers of an earlier day, the disintegration and paralysis of all the great and the small banker-tyrants brought no token of the dawn of a fairer day.

The young man of to-day realizes that our problem is not to wage war on the capitalists, corporate wealth, and corporate control of industry, but rather it is to pump new life into them, to extend their sway — at least during this transitional period until something better can be evolved. Youth realizes only too well that the NRA seeks to reabsorb in existing enterprises and industries the workers employed therein in 1929; its ideal is to give back a job to the man who lost one. Even in theory, it apparently includes no provision for the young man just come of working age. Youth knows that, even under the new dispensation, he cannot muscle into the industrial world as now organized; it is already grossly overcrowded. He knows that his hope, his opportunity, lies in new industries, new enterprises, in the opening up of new fields of endeavor and employment — in untrammeled capitalism extended and expanded, not controlled and contracted. The thing youth nowadays needs most imperatively is gainful employment — and until the government is ready to supply it plentifully to each and all of its citizens, young people cannot have much sympathy with movements to hamper and harass those who make it their business to make work available.

The modern young man, consequently, is intent on bringing about an extension rather than a curtailment of corporate control and domination. Let the huge corporations reopen their dormant factories; let them build new factories; let them devise new ways of

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exercising greater control over American life — let them do anything which will require that they increase the size of their payrolls and the personnel of their employ! Let the malefactors of great wealth instigate new schemes for victimizing the consumer; let them use their wealth to put new gold bricks and new baubles and new useless luxuries on the market to entice the moron's dollar — let them do anything that will take their money out of hoarding and government bonds and put it in circulation and to the purpose of meeting payrolls!

And No Fossilized Liberalism

Just as the modern young man can find little to pattern after in the revolutionary programs and formulas of the past, so can he find little to enlist his support and enthusiasm in the agenda of the older generation of liberals living among us to-day. American present-day liberalism — whether it be economic, social, religious, or political — is almost completely dominated by the liberal thought of the past. It has not been brought up to date. It is still under the leadership of those who think in terms of conditions existing in the eighteen nineties. It is still mainly a revolt, a protest against Victorianism, although the last vestiges of Victorianism have virtually disappeared from the American scene, and have been replaced for the most part by an aggressive and militant anti-Victorianism, anti-Puritanism, and general philosophy and practice of unmoralism.

Naturally, the young man who lives among the ravages and wreckages of a generation and a way of life which have turned Victorianism topsy-turvy and carried its antithesis to the opposite extreme cannot work up much fervor for the reactionary program of fossilized liberals. He perceives little hope and little good in a reform program which contemplates nothing more than pushing to still wider extremes the reaction from Victorianism, the revolt against orthodoxy, the release from conventional morality, the rebellion against authority. And yet, as we shall shortly see, the program of American liberalism to-day takes little more within its purview.

If there is one widespread phenomenon in American social life the evil fruits of which young people have experienced and observed on every side, it is the havoc wrought by divorce, broken homes, and artificially orphaned children. Young men reared in this twentieth century do not need to consult statistics or police records to know that five sixths of our youthful criminals and adolescent delinquents are the products of disrupted homes.

No young man who has seen his childhood friends and associates victimized by its ravages can feel very kindly toward easy divorce. Hence, he cannot subscribe to the theory of aging liberals that the panacea for easy divorce is still easier divorce, that the evil of forty-five day divorces is to be cured by overnight divorces by mutual consent. Nor can he follow the scholarly sociologists in their theorizing that the breakdown of family life can be remedied by abolishing it altogether. Young men who learned early in life that one can never sober up by taking another drink cannot be expected to take much stock in such programs for curing the disease with more of the same poison.

Nor can young people enthuse much over the plans offered by their reform-minded elders for the correction of conditions of moral chaos and sex anarchy which plague the youth of to-day. Well-intentioned and pious clubwomen and social workers may get together and discuss the "ghastly toll of ignorance masquerading as innocence and false modesty"; Y. M. C. A. officials may outline programs for the sex education of the young; liberal educators may agitate for classes in sex instruction in our schools — but how does the young man view such a diagnosis and specific for prevailing sex chaos? Well, the young man who at twenty-five, or less, has become weary and bored, who has come to long for new worlds of experience, who has reached the stage where he is constantly put to searching for new sensations and stimuli for his jaded nerves — he cannot think that receiving worldly wisdom artificially at a still-more-tender age would have averted his present quandary. He knows that his mother developed into a very fine woman without benefit of sex education at an early age; and he knows that the reason the young woman of to-day will probably not develop into a fine woman like his mother is that she became too sophisticated at an immature age.

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The young girl in high school to-day knows more about sex than her great-grandmother did at the time of her death. Yet her great-grandmother in all probability averted the very moral disasters toward which high-school girls to-day are headed or in which they are already bogged. The fact of the matter is that never before was there such widespread knowledge of sex and such worldly sophistication prevalent among young adolescents; and never before was there such utter moral chaos prevailing among them. The young man of to-day is too well-informed to assert that this is all a coincidence. He cannot wax zealous in support of a program which seeks to cure the evil effects of too much sophistication with still more sophistication!

He is equally unresponsive to the appeals of the Russells and the Lindsays and the other advocates of "sex freedom for the young." He knows from experience that the trouble with youth now is too much sex freedom, not too little! He knows that the average young woman (and the average young man) at the age of twenty-one has had so many companionate marriages that she is entirely unfit, temperamentally and psychologically, for a real marriage. As for Judge Lindsay's theory that companionate marriages should be accorded an official legal status, the informed young man knows that there is too much temptation as it is to shun the responsibilities of real marriage in favor of these childless, transitory, unencumbered unions, without adding to it by giving them equal security and sanction under the law! Here again he takes exception to the theory that to encourage evil will bring forth good.

Political Futility

The old-time liberal's plan for purging the government of graft and corruption likewise evokes no sympathetic response from the informed young man. Indeed, he remains safely aloof from all campaigns for "clean government" and the reform and reorganization of governmental agencies and institutions in such a manner as to eliminate inefficiency, graft, and corruption. He leaves it to the middle-aged and senile exponents of fossilized liberalism to carry on such crusades, for he knows that the liberal has only one specific for dereliction and dishonesty in government or outside: that is to pass a law about it.

The liberals have been proposing laws to curb monopolies ever since monopolies came into existence, and every law they have succeeded in passing has failed utterly of its purpose; the monopolies have grown bigger and stronger, but the liberals have not learned: Sisyphus-like they propose and pass more laws and when these boomerang in their faces they propose more laws, *ad infinitum*.

In "cleaning up" the government, the liberals have followed the same procedure. For decades they railed against the spoils system; finally they got the Civil Service laws passed to reform it; but the new laws created probably as much corruption as they remedied; so now the liberals have a new series of laws to remedy the evils created by the first series of Civil Service laws!

True, the liberals did help to repeal Prohibition — but only that they might try out a multitude of new laws for the control and regulation of the liquor traffic! The liberals are by no means convinced that the liquor traffic and the drink habit are not susceptible to effective regulation by law — no, not by a long shot! They have not lost faith in the omnipotence of law. Indeed, the repeal of Prohibition seemed to bring about a recrudescence of their old mania for trying to control everything and everybody by statute. Since getting rid of the Eighteenth Amendment, the liberals have rammed through Congress and the state legislatures a whole host of new prohibitions — never was industry, the business man, or the ordinary citizen hemmed in by so many restraints of one variety or another. The old-time liberals are resting serene in their undying confidence in the wonder-working power of law. But what does the young man think about it?

If there is one thing the observant young man, reared in an era of gangster-controlled public officials and machine-owned politicians, has no faith or confidence in it is the potential honesty of government and the efficacy of law. Young people have little confidence in the old gang of rugged individualists, but it is a pretty sure thing that if they were required to choose between predatory capitalism and graft-ridden bureaucracy, between industrial control by

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greedy capitalists and industrial control by mercenary politicians, between socio-economic vassalage to big business and regimentation by machine-ruled government — it is fairly certain that in all these instances the majority would choose the former.

The young man of to-day knows that the individual initiative, the self-reliance, the independence and ability to look out for himself of the average citizen have broken down. The people suffer from paternalism; they have been enfeebled by paternalism, and their self-respect and self-sufficiency have been sapped by snooping surveillance and rigid ordering of their daily lives. They, and that means the rank and file of both generations, suffer from too much government, too much law. The government has become a Frankenstein monster, responsible to no one. It has battened and fed upon the substance of the people so long that they are too feeble to exercise control over it, to purge and purify it. Self-perpetuating political machines have become too strongly entrenched to be dislodged — except by other self-serving corrupt combinations of political racketeers. In short, the government controls the people, rather than the people the government.

The intelligent young man realizes this. He knows that we already have too much government and too many laws — that therein lie the bountiful springs of graft, corruption, and criminal inefficiency in public officialdom. Hence, he cannot march behind the banner of the mature political liberal who seeks to enforce existing laws by passing more laws, endeavors to reform and purify bureaucracy with more bureaucracy, attempts to cure the malady of too much government with still more government.

The Lost Young Man

Thus the modern young man is in an irresolvable dilemma. He is confronted virtually with political, social, and economic chaos. There are no "manifest evils" to rebel against, no plainly labeled malignant growths in the body social and politic to which he may apply a surgeon's scalpel; no, the problem is not that easy.

But one cannot rebel against chaos; one cannot direct a frontal attack against an engulfing morass — especially when he is himself bogged in it! To get out of it requires sustained application of energies and intellect, not merely a blinding burst of angry passion and prejudice. The young man of to-day wants to get out of this economic and social morass — but he has no chart to follow, no program or plan of action. He wants to go forward but he does not know which way is forward.

He does not want to turn back, let none mistake that! He has been too thoroughly debunked, too deeply impressed with their failures and fallacies, ever to wish to return to weak submission to the tyranny of Church and State, the cruel Procrustean bed of narrow, conventional morality, the ignorance and unenlightenment of the Victorian Age, the terrors of industrial anarchy under which the government kept its hands off while the strong ravished the weak and slaughtered the innocent — no, he has no fondness for any of these things. But he does have difficulty in seeing how there is sense or sanity, purpose or principle, in pursuing further a blind and bitter revolt and reaction from them. He does not find in the program of American liberalism to-day a way out of the quandary in which we are mired — rather he suspects, with strong reason, that it leads only into deeper chaos.

The modern young man is in a dilemma; he is stranded between Charybdis and Scylla, between reactionary conservatism and reactionary liberalism, between impractical radicalism and unworkable standpattism. He is bewildered, obfuscated. He does not know which way to turn; he cannot see his way clear in any direction. Hence, he sits still, waiting and hoping that the impenetrable fog of checking and counter-checking contradictions, ideological conflictions, practical paradoxes, and theoretical vagaries will clear, and he may perceive a safe and reasonably certain way out. Meanwhile, his inactivity is mistaken for indifference, his bewilderment for apathy, his confusion for frivolity; and he himself is interpreted as anything from a portent of America's doom to a pitiful case of arrested adolescence, unable to appreciate the serious side of life.

An answer to Mr. Gilbert's article will appear in an early issue

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BAPTIZING AT WILD PIGEON

A Short Story

BY DORA AYDELOTTE

Drawings by James Daugherty

GRAMMA hitched her chair closer and spoke impressively. "You know what the good Book says — 'Be babtized and wash away thy sins.'"

"And that don't mean," she expounded, "havin' a little smidget of water sprinkled on your head. Nor it don't mean babtizin' the way some folks do now — in a pool right under the church pulpit, the same as a cistern. . . . In my day, folks thought they couldn't be saved if they wasn't immersed in runnin' water."

She opened the worn, black-bound volume on her lap. "There's another text on babtizin'. I was reading it just the other day, but I can't call it to mind right now."

She called to Minnie, who knelt adoringly before little Barbry Rebecca Pearson, playing pat-a-cake with her wee cousin's dimpled hands. "Minnie, child, run fetch me my specs, will you? I left 'em on the marble-top stand in the front room."

Settling her steel-rimmed specs and running a seeking finger down the page, the debater for immersion read aloud: "'I indeed babtize you with *water* unto repentance.'" She waggled a gnarled forefinger at her auditors. "That's what John the Babtist himself said — and he meant the River Jordan. Didn't the Lord himself come up out of the water?"

"I ain't denying a word of it," Ma Miller conceded, "but there's plenty to be said for sprinkling, too. Wait till I look it up in the Concordance."

After some nearsighted peering she spoke triumphantly. "Here it is, in Ezek'l. . . . 'Then will I *sprinkle* clean water upon you, and ye shall be *clean.*'" She brought the heavy covers together with an emphatic slap. "There," she finished, "I guess that settles it."

"Seems to me," mildly remarked Aunt Min, "that either way's all right, just so folks are good church members afterwards." But her tactful comment was ignored.

Tipped back in his chair, Pa Miller chewed on a straw and blinked drowsily. After that good dinner, he was too lazy to start arguing religion with the womenfolks. Besides, Lyddy could talk all around him when it come to things like that.

Personally, he believed in the good, old-fashioned baptizing. Just a boy when he joined the church, but he still remembered that feeling — half jubilance, half awe — as he stepped into the rippling current of a clear, cold stream and heard the words, "John Purdy Miller, I baptize thee. . . ."

"I wouldn't say it before her," confided Ma, when Minnie went back to the house with Gramma's cherished book, "but I think that child's too delicate to be babtized. She might

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take her death of cold. That's why I'm in favor of sprinkling for her and Barbry. If they join dif'rent ways, folks might say their Pa and me couldn't agree."

"Well," said Aunt Min, cuddling the baby's downy head against her breast, "if it don't rain pretty soon, they'll all have to be sprinkled. Water not more'n two feet deep now, some places in Flat Branch."

"It ain't going to be there," informed Ma. "There's a pool on Wild Pigeon Crick where the water's plenty deep yet, and lots of good shade. The sprinkling'll be at church next Sunday, and after that they'll have the babtizing down at the crick. . . . I think myself the sprinkling's just as good — and a lot cleaner."

Upon which the argument started all over again, with Gramma holding out for immersion and even Pa coming over to her side, while Ma stoutly battled on alone.

II

It was Barbry, after all, who settled the debate — Barbry, turning in at the front gate after a visit with her best girl friend, Opal Smart.

"Whee-ew," she panted, pulling off her hat and fanning briskly, "it's awful hot, walking all that way, and the dust ankle deep, almost." She looked ruefully at her good buttoned shoes, their luster dimmed with grayish dust.

"And oh, Ma," she hurried, "Opal's got a babtizing robe, and she let me try it on. It's got flowing angel sleeves and a deep hem and it comes clear down to your toes, so you'll look nice when you come up out of the water. Miz' Smart says it takes six yards of cheesecloth. And I want me'n Minnie to be babtized and have on long white robes. Can't we, Ma? Can't we, Pa?" she appealed.

That parent sought to shift the burden of decision. "All right with me if your Ma's willing," he evaded.

"I want to be babtized, too." Minnie's blue eyes were pleading. "So I c'n have a robe on like Barbry's and walk down in the water. Please, Ma," she entreated.

"You might's well give in, Lyddy," hinted Gramma, with an irritating smile of victory. Pa tugged at the ends of his long black mustache to hide a smile.

"All right, all right." Ma flung up her hands in a gesture of defeat. "If that's the way you feel about it. . . . I guess it won't hurt if you're wrapped up good afterwards. No indeed," to Barbry's query, "you won't need to borry any pattern for the robe. Just straight up and down like a nightgown, and I can cut the sleeves by guess."

"Opal says," quoted her admiring friend, "that when her Pa joined the church it was in the wintertime, and folks wanted him to put off being babtized till spring. But her Pa said a little cold water would be good for his soul. And they had to cut a hole in the ice, and folks that come to the babtizing nearly froze, but it didn't faze her Pa one bit."

"Is Ed going to be sprinkled?" asked Ma. Gramma bristled at the very thought. "Goodness, no. He's goin' to be immersed, like he needs to be. Ain't you, Ed?" she appealed.

Her son-in-law grinned and nodded. "That's right, Mother Warren. I only hope it rains by then. Take a sight of water to wash away my sins."

Then he and Pa got to talking about how pasture was burning up and corn withering on the stalk and how cattle would suffer now the ponds were going dry — until Ma had a time getting Pa in the notion of starting home.

Lodie Green slouched out to the side gate to greet the returning family. "Preacher was here awhile back," he droned. "Said he just come to see which you folks had decided on for the girls — sprinklin' or duckin' under."

Ma snapped her eyes rebukingly at the irreverent hired man. "Brother Beamer wouldn't say any such thing, and you know it. Didn't he say 'immersed'?"

"Yes, ma'm," grinned the unabashed Lodie, "that's the word — only I couldn't think how to say it." Squinting one eye, he spat accurately across the row of tiger lilies by the walk.

"Well," puzzled Ma, "I don't see why it was that important. I told Brother Beamer we'd let him know. But I guess he was driving by, anyway, and thought he'd stop in. . . . I only hope Wild Pigeon Crick won't go dry before next Sunday."

III

In the first zeal of conversion, Barbry had tried to do like Pa said — just be good one day at a time. But saintly behavior didn't come

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natural to her, the way it did to Minnie. Like the backsliders Brother Beamer preached about, she yielded to the lure of sinful appetites.

She had a spat with Mamie Croucher and wouldn't speak for days, until Mamie's abject pleas and tears melted her wrath. . . . Got hopping mad at Bill and Jimmie more than once. . . . Found herself hating Frank Grimes and the Markwell boy as fervently as ever. . . . Fell from grace completely when she looked in the back of her 'rithmetic for the answer to a particularly hard problem — and suffered agonies of remorse when Miss Attie praised her for having it right.

She vowed earnestly to be good, that last week of probation. But with the haying hands to cook for and Ma making apple butter and mustard pickle in between times, there wasn't a moment to reflect upon spiritchul things. The oldest Coonrod boy was just there for dinner, but there were four hands from away, so that made extra work.

One night Barbry went sound asleep, kneeling by the bed to say her prayers. But she had worked so hard all day — helped Ma put out a big washing, then cooked and scrubbed and did the churning, and stirred apple butter after that. God would know how tired and sleepy she was.

According to Pa's well-thumbed almanacs, it was going to rain, so he hurried with the haying. High-piled loads of sun-sweetened timothy came trundling to the barn, where men with gleaming pitchforks tossed it high. By Thursday the hayloft's gaping mouth was filled, and the men had been paid off and were gone.

That night the black clouds grew and swelled. A roll of thunder; a sudden, breathless hush. Then a fluttering among the trees, like frightened birds; a rising growl of thunder as the storm came riding in and lightning ripped apart the night's dark curtaining.

Minnie slept peacefully through the tumult; but Barbry hung from her bedroom window, exulting in the rush of wind through her loosened hair, loving the spatter of raindrops on her face, breathing the freshened coolness of the air.

The world's dusty face would be washed clean, but there was a stain upon her soul that the rain could never take away. She hadn't told Ma about it — Ma would be sure to say it was all her fault. Maybe it was, only she couldn't see just how.

It had been so hot that day, with Ma baking bread, and a big ironing to do. After the supper work was done, she had gone out in the yard, hoping to cool her stove-baked face. She was perched on the barnlot gate, idly swinging her feet and thinking of nothing at all, when one of the haying hands sneaked up behind her and cried out, "Boo!"

She nearly jumped out of her skin. Then he laughed and said he was just in fun. She looked kinda lonesome, up there by herself, and he thought he'd keep her comp'ny. He was young and good-looking, with black hair roached up on one side and sparkling black eyes . . . told her he was from over near Blue Mound and his last name was Dodson, but for her to call him Harve.

From her breezy height she looked down into the hay-hand's smiling face and liked it. . . . Afterward she couldn't for the life of her remember what they talked about — only it must've been funny, because they both laughed a lot.

When a light shone from the window under the eaves, Barbry started to climb down. "It's getting late," she said, "and I better be going in. My little sister's gone on up to bed."

"Jump," Harve brusquely ordered, holding up long arms, "and I'll catch you. Come on," as she hesitated. "I dare you!"

He said that to her — to *her*, Barbry Miller, who had never taken a dare in all her life. At his challenge she leaped — leaped straight into his strong, tightly-gripping arms. Felt his kiss, rough and hard and whiskery, upon her startled mouth. In her anger she reverted to childish tactics — slapping at him wildly, kicking his shins with well-directed blows.

The young wooer only laughed. "You're a little spitfire," he conceded, as he let her go, "but I like 'em with lots of spirit."

Barbry dipped up cool water from the brimming wooden tub at the pump, rubbing her burning face as if to cleanse it forever from the memory of that unwanted kiss. He had no business acting so fresh — just one of her Pa's hired hands, working by the day. . . . But maybe he thought she was the forward kind, staying out after dark like she did.

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As penance she read four chapters in Leviticus before blowing out the light and said her prayers over twice.

Waiting on table next morning, Barbry refused to meet the seeking glance of Harve's dark eyes. With cool aloofness she offered him ham and eggs, hot biscuits and fried potatoes, coffee and smoking-hot pancakes.

IV

SOMEHOW Ma found time that week to go over to Fidelity for the cheesecloth and to make the baptizing robes. The sewing machine hummed like a great bee as the needle flashed up and down the seams.

Minnie stood meekly patient as Ma snipped and pinned and pulled out basting threads. "I declare," she frowned, "them sleeves don't hang right yet. I must've cut 'em too full or something. Hold still while I tie it 'round the waist. Now — walk off and turn around real slow."

In that long white robe she seemed strangely tall and fair. Her hair, yellow as ripe wheat, swirled in tumbling ringlets around her face. The drooping sleeves floated wing-like from her slender arms.

Barbry heaved a mournful sigh when it was her turn to try on. "I'd give anything if mine would look as nice on me."

"It would," scolded Ma, sitting back on her heels and removing an assortment of pins from her mouth, "if you'd quit wiggling around like a worm in hot ashes, all the time I'm trying to see how the skirt hangs." She gave the cheesecloth draperies an impatient twitch.

"Keep your arms down, Barbry," she went on. "Needn't try to fly, if you *have* got on angel sleeves. And for mercy sakes, don't try to look over your shoulder just when I'm getting the hem evened off. It's hard to work with such slimpsy goods." Ma's supply of patience, never abundant, nearly gave out before the job was done to her satisfaction.

Finally she rose stiffly from her knees and tipped the mirror back. "Now, look and see how you like it. I think it's real nice on you and not a bit too full." She stood off, admiring her handiwork.

"I was just thinking," she commented frugally, "I'll make your robes over into sash curtains. You won't wear 'em but once."

Barbry's nose wrinkled in distaste — not at Ma's words nor at the chastely flowing lines of that ceremonial garment but at the way she looked in it. Like small potatoes and few to the hill. Long neck and skinny arms, freckled face and tipped-up nose, rusty brown hair straight as a poker and a mouth that spread clear across her face. But she must conquer such worldly thoughts — spesh'ly right now.

Sweetly she answered, "It looks just grand, and I'm much obliged to you for making it." Her warm kiss pressed against that prairie mother's sallow cheek.

"Shucks," Ma commented dryly. "It ain't worth all that." But she hummed a little tune to herself as she finished basting in the hem.

V

LITTLE FLOCK CHURCH was crowded full that Sunday morning. There was a stir and rustling like wind in a cornfield when the candidates for immersion went marching up in front — men and boys in Sunday black, womenfolk in the transforming dignity of trailing cheesecloth robes.

In that snowy garment sweeping to her toes, her hair braided and pinned close against her head, Barbry felt that folks looked at her approvingly. If they only knew what a hypocrite she was! If the preacher knew what mean things she had said and done, he might not want her in the church. But then they were going to take Ebbie Smock back into full membership, and he'd gone to fiddling for dances again. She guessed she was as good as Ebbie, any day.

The ceremony of sprinkling was held with due impressiveness, the preacher's wife's glass berry dish serving as a baptismal font. Gramma Warren sniffed audibly as the "little smidget of water" ran down Mamie Croucher's nose and made her sneeze. Then the procession of buggies and wagons started for the baptismal pool.

VI

FED by recent rains, the waters of Wild Pigeon Creek flowed deep and swift. Running water, as Gramma had said it should be; but muddy, roily stuff. Not the clear, sparkling stream Barbry had imagined, its depths reflecting a blue and cloudless sky.

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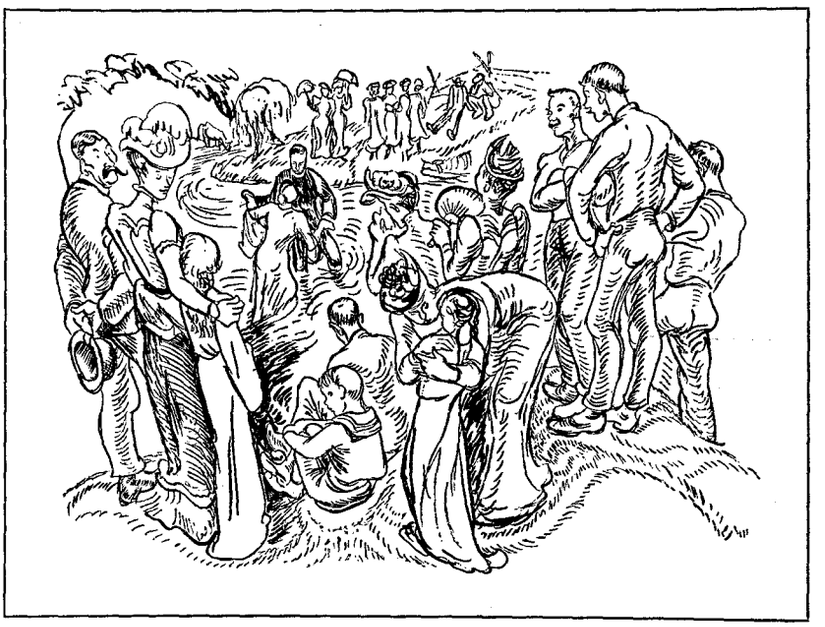

But it was pretty, anyway. Grassy banks sloped gently down to the lapping water. Gauzy-winged dragon flies darted in glittering flight. Great trees arched above in a high green canopy.

The menfolks who were going to be baptized went back in the brush and put on old pants and shirts. The women were ready except for slipping off their shoes. But to Barbry's shocked dismay, one great toe poked out from her black cotton stocking, for all the world like a turtle's outthrust head.

"Nobody'll see it," comforted Minnie. "Your robe comes clear down over. And it won't show when you go down in the water, if you remember and walk careful."

The tails of Brother Beamer's black alpaca coat floated stiffly behind him as he waded slowly out into the pool. The choir stood on the shore, hymn books opened in their hands. Without the organ their voices sounded strangely weak and thin. They sang as the converts huddled together, sheeplike, at the brink — sang again as each immersed one waded out to shore.

When Ebbie Smock, the chronic penitent of Little Flock, went down the slope, his white shirt split open in the back like a seven-year locust's shell, some girl giggled shamelessly. He came up clawing and sputtering and made inglorious progress to dry land. His wife, tight-lipped and grim, stood by callously while he coughed and wiped his streaming eyes. . . . She had seen all this before.

But Uncle Ed stepped calmly down in the water and took Brother Beamer's outstretched hand. He came out smiling, shaking the water from his big body in a funny, dog-like way. Aunt Min cried a little, and the baby, alarmed at this dripping object, yelled lustily as he came near.

Now the white-garbed figures of women went slowly, one by one, down the bank and into the murky stream, leaf shadows dappling their uplifted faces. Barbry couldn't help thinking they looked like drowned rats, most of them, when they came out — hair stringing over their faces, limp cheesecloth robes plastered tight against their bodies. One woman had on a pink corset, and it showed right through. The fat ones looked the worst. Well, she needn't worry about showing *her* shape — Ma said she was as flat as a fence picket.

Whose turn was it now? The choir started singing

> O, glorious fountain,
> Here will I stay,
> And in thee ever,
> Wash my sins away

and Minnie, little sister Minnie, beloved of Barbry's heart, was going down into the water all alone. Brother Beamer smiled tenderly as he took her hand. She stood there, smiling and serene, sunlight glinting on her golden hair, dark water flowing all around. Her sleeves blew back like snowy wings.

Then the strangest thing happened. While the choir was singing, a robin flew out from somewhere in the trees and circled low above Minnie's gleaming head — once, twice, its red breast feathers glowing in the sun. Then, soaring high, it disappeared.

Barbry clasped her hands in awed delight. Why, it was like Bible days, when the Dove of the Holy Spirit descended. . . . They read about that in their Sunday-school lesson. Did this mean the same thing — that God was well pleased with little sister Minnie?

Now Brother Beamer raised his hand. . . .

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Barbry closed her eyes. She could not bear to see that white figure slip beneath the muddy stream. When she opened them, Minnie was coming up the bank, her blue eyes unafraid. Ma folded her in a quilt, and Pa lifted her into the wagon.

The waters of Wild Pigeon Creek seemed dangerously wide and deep as Barbry walked slowly from the shore. The roily current rose above her knees, eddied around her waist. She felt its chill against her shrinking flesh. Her feet sank into soft, squidgy mud. Wildly she thought of big crawfish nibbling at her toes — of snapping turtles that, so the boys said, hung on till it thundered.

Brother Beamer took her hand in his. Beautiful and solemn came his words, "Barbara Miller, I baptize thee — In the name of the Father — And of the Son — And of the Holy Ghost." She looked up into the high green arches of the trees. A strong hand clamped firmly over her nose and mouth. She went down — down into sunless depths. Would it be like this to die, she wondered — to feel cold water closing over you as you sank into the dark?

She felt herself gasping, floundering, clutching madly for support. Then she was on her feet again, choking and strangling, fighting for breath. "Take it easy," cautioned the preacher's kindly voice. "You must've swallowed a little water."

A little! From the way she felt, it must have been at least a bucketful. Coughing and sniffling at every step, she came wading out, muddy water trickling down her nose. The hem of her robe pulled loose, and the ends went trailing in the mud. Prob'ly that hole in her stocking showed.

Over the heads of the crowd she met Con Mulligan's blue glance. He flashed her a wide, warm smile. Making fun of her, like as not. Thinking she looked like something fished out of the rain barrel. (Con thought she looked like a willow sapling, lithe and young, but he dassn't tell her so.)

VII

BARBRY rode damply home in a mood of deepening self-disgust. Things always had to go and turn out dif'rent from the way she thought they would. . . . She had expected to rise from the baptismal waters feeling — well, sort of saintly-like and maybe looking a little bit that way. And there she came bobbing up half-choked, spitting out that nasty water, letting her nice white robe go dragging in the mud! . . . "What you scowling about?" quizzed Gramma, peering from the funnel of her black sateen sunbonnet. "Ain't you feelin' good?"

As soon as they got home, Ma rushed them upstairs to change and made Minnie stay in bed till dinner was ready, so she wouldn't catch cold.

Sneaking off before Ma could get any such ideas about her, Barbry sat outdoors in the bland sunshine and dried her hair. Hens scratched and clucked boldly near her feet. The babtizing robes hung on the line, flapping in a gentle breeze. Uncle Ed sat on the side porch, jiggling the baby on his lap and singing.

Gramma and Aunt Min were helping Ma get dinner. A rich, sustaining whiff of good things floated out. Barbry had wanted to help, but Ma shooed her aside. "No, you'd just be underfoot. Min'll set the table."

Now that she'd joined the Church, it was time to put away childish things and think about her Future. . . . Maybe she'd be a missionary and work among the heathen, in some foreign land like they sang about in church — "From Greenland's icy mountain, to India's coral strand." Only she wouldn't want to be where it was winter all the time. Nicer in India, where there was elephants and marble palaces and maybe coconuts to eat. Where —

A rising crescendo of anguished shrieks and yowls sent her dashing around the house. "Jim-mee! What on earth! Are you trying to drown the poor thing?"

A draggled ball of fur, venomously spitting, was trying to claw Jimmie's hands to ribbons, while he yelled for help. "I just wanted to have a babtizin' in the tub," he wailed, "and the mean thing scratched me!" Barbry snatched the drenched kitten and stroked it tenderly. "You ought to be soused in the tub yourself," she chided.

Settled again under the old crabapple tree, Barbry combed her hair and wound it in two thick braids around her head. She was visioning herself dressed all in white, with dark-skinned converts kneeling at her feet, when some fuzzy horror went crawling down her neck.

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She clawed wildly. Ugh — a catapiller! Must've dropped down off the tree. Warned by a smothered chuckle, she whirled in time to see Bill making off, waving a long spray of plumy asparagus. Any other time she'd have given him a good smacking but now she must show a forgiving spirit.

Ma had a reg'lar comp'ny dinner — fried chicken and roasting ears and green lima beans and mashed potatoes with real cream gravy — but Barbry nibbled daintily at her food.

"Here, here," Pa demanded, "what's the matter? I never knew you to take such a little interest in chicken before." He forked out two nice pieces of white meat and put them on her plate.

"I'm afraid you'll have a congestive chill," warned Ma, "riding home the way you did, wet to the skin."

Gramma advised a good, stiff dose of quinine. "Nothing like it to break up chills."

Barbry smiled with forced patience. "I'm all right — honest I am." Couldn't they see she had her mind on higher things?

Minnie said she'd help with the dishes, but Barbry insisted on doing them by herself. Minnie ought to be set apart and never do common work again, like wiping dishes and brushing up the crumbs. Anybody visited by a sign of heavenly grace ought to be treated dif'rent. Only Ma wouldn't see it that way — Ma, who had said the robin's wheeling flight was "just a happen-so. Pretty a sight as ever I saw but it didn't mean a thing. And don't you go putting ideas in Minnie's head about it."

But Pa knew what it meant. He answered Barbry gently. "Mebbe it was, daughter. . . . I kind of felt that way myself." And took out his hank'chief and blew his nose hard.

It might be better, Barbry decided as she washed stacks of dishes and scoured out pots and pans, to stay at home. India would be awful far from her folks, and she couldn't have Minnie along. . . . And it would be awful embarrassing if the heathen didn't wear any clo'es.

Maybe, if she never yielded to temptation or followed after worldly lusts (she didn't know what they were, but the Widow Riddick was always going on about them), if she went to church reg'lar and taught the infant class, that would be leading a saintly life. Only she couldn't *look* like a saint — not with all those freckles and a snubbed-up nose.

If she was going to be good all the time, she must search the scripchers diligently. . . . She sat primly in her room, reading the book of Ezra and most of Nehemiah. . . . It was hot and still — still in the way only Sunday afternoons could be. . . . Cows bunched under the windbreak trees in the pasture. . . . Hens sat down in the dust and ruffled out their feathers.

The words seemed to swim across the page. . . . Twice she went nodding off, starting guiltily awake. . . . Maybe she'd feel better if she had a little something to eat.

She sneaked downstairs to the butt'ry. The folks didn't need to know. There was lots of chicken left over. She had two wings and a drumstick. Some bread 'n jelly and a hunk of Ma's good choc'late cake.

No need to starve herself, she reasoned. Ma said Aunt Althea Snow was a saint on earth, if there ever was one. And she had the name of being one of the best cooks out Flat Branch way. And Brother Beamer, that man of God — my, how he filled up on fried chicken and gravy and hot biscuits.

She was just starting on a piece of cherry pie when Lodie Green stuck his sandy head in at the butt'ry door. "Caught ye this time," he taunted, "after yer Ma's pie."

Lodie's teasing always made her hopping mad. But she mustn't talk back. Not right after she'd been received into the Church. So she took another bite and answered, "Ma won't care."

Strange remark for that pepperbox to make. Pa Miller's hired man squinted wonderingly. "Ain't feelin' sick, be ye?" he asked in mock solicitude.

That was too much. Slam! went the butt'ry door in his astonished face.

Ma and Gramma hurried in from the side porch. Barbry faced them with wrathful eyes, ruddy stains of cherry juice smeared around her mouth. . . . Maybe Ezra or Nehemiah would've known what to say. But she didn't.

To Be Published Soon: "Box Supper,"
Another Barbry Miller Story by Dora Aydelotte

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Renascence or Decline?

While The Forum *attempts to confine the bulk of the comment in these columns to material from the previous number of the magazine, there has been such widespread interest in the anonymous article entitled "Life Ends at Forty" that the Editor feels justified in printing the following excerpts from eleven letters referring to it:*

The anonymous outcry left me dissatisfied with The Forum for believing that a sufficient number of its readers could care to read a confession so forced, unnatural, and unsportsmanlike. "I'll get Joan to answer it," I decided, thinking The Forum merely wanted to tease its readers. Joan is a teacher, too — "a single woman and forty." Joan obligingly tried to read it. But every few seconds she exclaimed, "She's crazy!" Then threw the magazine aside. "Do answer it," I pleaded. "Anonymously, of course." "It's not worth answering," she said. ✓ ✓ ✓ I cannot understand why a magazine of the standing of The Forum would print an article which so evidently is the product of an erotic mind. ✓ ✓ ✓ For the anonymous misanthrope who writes that "Life Ends at Forty," it has never even begun and never will. ✓ ✓ ✓ If the refined and cultured friend of the author of this anonymous article had the right kind of feeling for her husband, she wouldn't be wasting valuable time and mental energy wondering what it's all about. The women of to-day must remember, when they get to ranting about their lack of sex knowledge, that their mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers had much more meager knowledge. They got along all right and didn't make themselves miserable by thinking about it. It all depended upon the feeling they had for their husbands. This spinster schoolteacher wants a home and children. But does she want love, the first thing to be considered when one voices such desires? ✓ ✓ ✓ She is admittedly a failure herself and yet she seems to want a successful man. The right sort of man for her, though, would be one who had some success in early life, failed badly later, and is doing what he can to get back on his feet. Her best bet would be a subsistence homestead. On such a homestead a man could begin from the very first to make important contributions to the living. Thus he could keep his self-respect and yet he wouldn't have to come to her with money or with a good job in order to avoid delaying marriage. At forty a man who is well-fixed financially is either married or promiscuous or very set in his ways, and any of these conditions would make him impossible for her. Don't give him a cocktail shaker. Give him an ax. ✓ ✓ ✓ It is difficult for me to believe that the anonymous author is a woman: the style and point of view are too masculine. If Anonymous is a woman the only relief one can see for her is polyandry, not collectively but serially. It can be done in full compliance with both law and convention. ✓ ✓ ✓ Rarely have I come across an article in a lay magazine with which my personal experience as a physician so fully and completely agrees. Such tragedies are all too common. ✓ ✓ ✓ An intensely interesting article. I too had read the book to which she refers and thought that it was the worst mess of absurdities I ever read. Of course the newspaper man's golden rule is to tell your people what they want to hear, and they will pay you well for it. But I have a theory that Walt Pitkin was really trying to write a book of humor. ✓ ✓ ✓ The article seems to me the most powerful of any appearing in The Forum since some years. Perhaps a still larger number of males also finds life ends at forty. ✓ ✓ ✓ I certainly sympathize with the author. I know many teachers who feel as this instructor does; no one but an extreme optimist would attempt to make most of us believe that "Life Begins at Forty" — for it DOES NOT. ✓ ✓ ✓ I shall put these pages of The Forum into my scrapbook for myself and coming generations to read.

From a Farmer

To the Editor:

In reply to Mrs. Roosevelt ("Subsistence Farmsteads," April Forum) it can be said that there is really no such thing as food being produced that does not come into competition with the products of commercial farms. If an industrial worker grows a part of his food a professional farmer is losing his market for that much.

I really don't care. I think commercial farming is a failure, and it really gratifies me to hear of people living in the country under any sort of hopeful conditions. The idea of people living on a patch of land, growing food and fashioning articles for their own use, is attractive and also practical. . . .

The plan cannot fail to seem ironical, however, to farmers who are being forced to the wall. For them a subsistence plan is impossible on account of interest and taxes, not to mention the American standard of living. Knowing commercial farming to be at best a treadmill process I am interested in subsistence farming. Who pays the taxes?

Hugh W. Chaffin

Ithaca, N. Y.

In connection with Mrs. Roosevelt's article, mentioned in the above letter, there appeared in The Forum *four drawings of small houses designed for subsistence farms. The drawings were by George Willard Bonte, but the Editor wishes to give credit to the Division of Agricultural Engineering of the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, University of Georgia, for the original sketches of three of the plans.*

CWA Controversy

To the Editor:

. . . Dishonesty and political knavery are by no means confined to this particular program ("CWA — Folly or Necessity?" by Lawrence Sullivan and William P. Connery, Jr., May Forum), and it may be questioned whether Civil Works gave rise to relatively more numerous instances of dishonesty than could be found in many private industrial undertakings and in various phases of the public business. . . . To have discovered individual irregularities in the Civil Works program, therefore, is no real indictment of the project. It is rather a tribute to the Administration that such instances were so vigorously and promptly discovered by the official authorities.

The relative ineffectiveness of many of the work projects also may readily be admitted. Undoubtedly construction projects could have been built at less cost had they been more carefully planned and executed. On the other hand, I see, for example, no logic for casting slurs upon recreational services for the public, such as plays and concerts, or services of instruction to inmates of mental hospitals or penal institutions. . . .

The real contribution of the Civil Works program consisted in the fact that wages paid to employees in January, 1934, averaged $61 as compared with approximately $18 a month, which was the average relief grant to a family under the original relief program of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration . . . Mr. Sullivan's attitude, it appears to me, reflects the discredited do-nothing-to-interfere-with-private-business theory and the deluded hope that business recovery will take place more rapidly if we neglect the unemployed and leave them to endure suffering and privation. . . .

H. L. Lurie

New York, N. Y.

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OUR ROSTRUM

To the Editor:

. . . Mr. Connery's statement is much ounder than Mr. Sullivan's.

The CWA was admittedly an emergency measure to help put money in circulation at a time when the Public Works Program had failed of early expectancy. . . .

The CWA had to be done hastily, to meet an emergency situation. It did put 4,000,000 people at work. It did take at least 2,000,000 of them off the relief rolls during the winter. It did put money in circulation with a definitely beneficial effect. . . .

No human institution is perfect, and much less than normal perfection should be expected of an agency which had to be so rapidly set up, without any previous experience on which to base procedure, as was the CWA. 4,000,000 people were employed by the CWA. If only two per cent of that number had failed to come up to expectation that would have meant 80,000 failures. That is a great many numerically but not many proportionately. . . .

Certainly the advantage far outweighed the disadvantage. . . .

ELWOOD STREET

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

Your articles on the CWA interested me, as I was in that organization last winter and formed a pretty fair idea of what the trouble was.

Briefly, it is that the "trained social workers" who run such organizations have formed the habit of trying to please the rich, who pay their salaries, rather than doing genuine good to the poor. In the schools and colleges where they get their training they have formed an inbred clique of people who have become expert in holding their jobs but don't know the first essentials of doing them right.

There are two kinds of unemployed, as your articles said. And of these two, the only kind the "trained social worker" understands is the kind which will take direct relief. At best, these people are quitters, in the eyes of the self-respecting unemployed. At worst, they are brazen crooks. The "trained social worker" knows how to find out whether the applicant for relief has sold his home and shot his dog. She has no idea how to judge whether or not he has done all he can toward taking care of himself. . . .

The best way to handle unemployment relief is to treat it as a problem in waste utilization rather than as a charity. . . .

It should be work that cannot afford normal wages but can afford to wait until large numbers of men would otherwise be idle. The Civilian Conservation Corps is a good illustration. . . .

From the worker's point of view, such work would be a reserve job to fall back on when regular employment failed. He would then figure on getting ahead in normal times without having to let it all go when a depression came along, as many have had to do these last few years.

Many men, of course, provide these reserve jobs for themselves. They have camps or country homes, where they can live cheaply and raise a part of their food. And they have hobbies they can turn to profit, at least adding to their capital if they cannot immediately add to their income.

Unemployment relief should be primarily for those who have lacked the foresight or the opportunity to make such provision for themselves. I believe it should be handled by the community rather than by private interests but, aside from the lower pay, it should be offered on the same terms as regular jobs. . . .

JAMES R. RANDOLPH

Kingston, R. I.

ACADEMIC OBJECTION

To the Editor:

As a subscriber to THE FORUM, I object to your choice of articles. They are so interesting that I *have* to read them, and I really haven't time. . . .

Your own foreword shows your contributors who think it impossible to say anything in less than eight pages how much can be said in two. . . .

WILLIAM T. FOSTER

Newton, Mass.

LAST RITES

Few words of hostile criticism of Marian Castle's article ("Decent Christian Burial," April FORUM*) have reached our office. Extracts from some of the letters:*

In my threescore and ten years plus, I have never written a letter to an editor, but in looking over your magazine the urge seized me. The inspiration was the article by Marian Castle. In this as in other contributions of hers she hits the nail squarely and fearlessly on the head. Having devoted thirty-one years of a misspent life to the care of the dead, progressively as undertaker, funeral director, and mortician, I will say that, if all the writers in the universe embraced her views, even so — human nature being what it is — we would continue to out-pagan the pagans in our funeral rites and customs. ††† I desire to thank you. I call it a very sane article and much needed. ††† When a timid soul sees in print ideas which he has been nursing in secret for years but has been too cowardly to express, he wants to emphasize the importance of such ideas by writing to the editor who publishes them. The modern funeral is an anachronism, an unholy show, an insult to the deceased, a refined torture to the living. I hope that Marian Castle and THE FORUM

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On dining well

O NOBLE gastronomic muse, descend . . . and inspire this discourse . . . !

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OUR ROSTRUM

will continue to write and to print article to awaken people to sane and intelligen thinking. ✓✓✓ A thousand times yes t this fitting plea for deposing the morbi and gruesome artifices of torture for th bereaved living. ✓✓✓ I wish to commen with utmost enthusiasm the article en titled "Decent Christian Burial." For number of years this subject has simply burned itself into my being. How en couraging, exhilarating, reviving to rea such an article. ✓✓✓ The article writte by Marian Castle is of superlative excel lence and deserving of high approval. Th writer has a brilliant mind. ✓✓✓ Congrat ulations. First, for your bravery in pub lishing it; second, for excellence in handlin of a delicate subject. Hope you don' let it drop with this issue.

FORUM FICTION

To the Editor:

. . . I can't restrain a word in praise of a short story in your May issue, entitled "Dark." The story itself I felt was terrific. But even more than that, the use of an occasional short story in that way brightens the magazine and eases the reader over a table of contents that sometimes is pretty formidable.

I shall look for more short stories of this caliber in future issues of THE FORUM.

KEN MCCORMICK

Garden City, N. Y.

A relative dearth of fiction in recent issues of THE FORUM *has been due to the difficulty of obtaining good stories rather than to the pursuance of any policy. An average of two short stories per month will be published this summer.*

MRS. COLUM

To the Editor:

If, as many of us find it easy to believe, Hervey Allen's praise of Mrs. Colum's distinguished gifts as a critic is typical of the judgment of the creator of literature, let this stand as equally representative of the admiration of those of your subscribers who are her readers. . . .

The free air of liberal discussion of the political, economic, and social problems that crowd in upon our attention is chiefly responsible for my interest in and devotion to THE FORUM. But of late I have been first turning each month to read the essay by Mrs. Colum. No matter how the attention may be straying, perhaps at times a bit wearied of controversy, as the leaves are thumbed over, the interest of this reader always comes sharply into focus with the opening paragraph of Mrs. Colum. . . .

Incidentally, in the *My Diaries* of Wilfred Scawen Blunt, there is an attractive glimpse of your literary critic in her beginning days as Mrs. Colum. The entry, under date of July 28, 1912, reads:

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OUR ROSTRUM

"To Meynell's at Greatham, where I met young Padraic Colum honeymooning with his bride, Molly Maguire, a red-haired Celtic girl whom he married last week. . . . I like them both."

He liked them so well that three days later they are his house guests. . . .

B. H. KIZER

Spokane, Wash.

DISARMAMENT AND PEACE

To the Editor:

I was glad to see that in your May editorial ["Can We Implement Peace?"] you give such rigorous support to the League of Nations. I am a firm believer in the League as the only ultimate means to restore peace and order to this troubled world. When, some years ago, I advocated an alliance between the United States and the British Empire, it was suggested merely as a makeshift, in the belief that it was a little less Utopian than the entry of this country into the League of Nations. Then, as now, I considered the League to be powerless to prevent war so long as the United States keeps out of it.

It was a tragedy that President Wilson broke down and failed to make the United States enter the League. It would have been to the everlasting glory of this country to have founded the League of Nations and to have upheld it during its first difficult years. Now this grandest of opportunities is lost and will hardly recur until another cataclysm has taught the rising generation the lesson of a world war over again.

The greatest hope for better success next time rests on the fact that recently modern science and technique have supplied the means of world-wide immediate broadcast communication. This means almost instantaneous and universal reaction to all events, and thus the world is enabled to function as one organism endowed with consciousness and hence with unified intellectual and moral power. All that is needed is an organization to direct these powers.

As things are going now it seems inevitable that the world must drift into another war, although it may be delayed by the general state of exhaustion. The prevailing policy of all great countries is the opposite of co-operation. The tariffs, the restrictions on trade and emigration, the monetary policies are all so many unfriendly acts, as viewed by others. The French proverb, "*Chacun pour soi, Dieu pour nous tous,*" seems to be followed; it is at once selfish and hypocritical, and should be written, "*Chacun pour soi, le Diable pour nous tous.*"

The attempts at disarmament seem to be based on a disregard of the fundamentals of human nature. Clearly a unilateral disarmament, even if carried very far, cannot in the slightest degree prevent

Along with thousands of others, you may be planning to go to Hawaii some day. It would be only natural. This island paradise has won a permanent place in the affections of the world. Somehow it sums up rest, recreation, rejuvenation.

What may at first have seemed extravagant overstatement concerning these islands of eternal May has proved a matter of statistics. Even the most prose-minded visitors to Hawaii have grown lyrical in singing its praises and started others planning to go.

But now you can stop *"just planning"*, for the time of going and the cost of getting there are down to practical figures. Besides, no exchange, customs, or passports to worry about for travelers from the United States.

A visit to Hawaii may now be included easily in the usual vacation period. Fast steamer and train schedules make it possible. It's less than five days to Honolulu from Los Angeles, San Francisco, or Vancouver! *The cost as low as $110 First Class! . . . $75 Cabin Class! one way from the Pacific Coast.* Furthermore, rail fares are reduced and Pullman surcharges abolished . . . a combination of inducements that urge "go now".

No more beautiful, more popular season than summer to enjoy Hawaii. Gentle trade breezes to cool you, a mingling of ginger lily and hundreds of other sweet-scented blossoms to delight your senses.

Remember, too, "Hawaii" is, *not just one*, but a cluster of islands of unsurpassed beauty... Oahu, Hawaii, Maui, and Kauai, linked by modern airplane and steamer facilities. Hotel accommodations are of the best, both from the standpoint of service and reasonable rates. To be sure, bring your golf clubs, for Hawaii's velvet fairways are magnificent.

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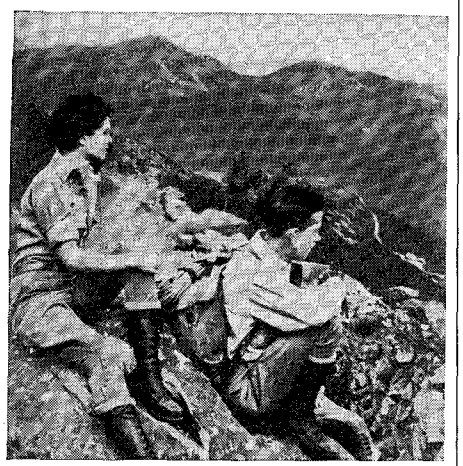

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OUR ROSTRUM

war. As everybody knows, when the vital interest of man is threatened he will fight with such weapons as he possesses, if necessary with his bare fists.

The best that can be said for disarmament or reduction in armaments is that if carried out by directly reducing the budgets it will mean an assured momentary economy, but the way in which this reduction has been carried out so far has not led to economy, at least not for the United States. This is convincingly demonstrated in an article by Captain Charles Conard in the January issue of the *Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute.*

Even if economy is really attained in peacetime by a partial disarmament, this is certain to cause an extravagant waste when war breaks out, as we well know from our entry into the World War. The loss so incurred is likely to exceed by far the savings in peacetime. All belligerents will pour out limitless funds in a hectic mobilization. The war, instead of being short and decisive, will drag along and will probably be more exhausting than if everybody had been prepared. The result, which ultimately depends on potential strength, is likely to be the same in either case.

Thus the whole movement of disarmament is futile.

In the present pathological state of the world mind, strange doctrines are propounded in politics, economics, and even in science, and, what is worse, these doctrines are largely followed. In their fear and bewilderment people everywhere turn instinctively to the strong man and make him dictator, feeling that they must have a leader. This may be for the best, provided that the leader will take us on high and safe ground, even if the road is difficult and uphill, and that he will not take us along the easy road leading to Masurian marshes.

WILLIAM HOVGAARD
Cambridge, Mass.

ENTHUSIASM

To the Editor:

. . . You have never used the power of the pen to better advantage than you did in writing your April editorial ["The Child Labor Amendment"].

ROBERT SHILLAKER
Glendale, Calif.

SPEEDING JUSTICE

Charles B. Sears, Presiding Justice of the New York State Supreme Court, Appellate Division, Fourth Department, comments favorably on Harry D. Nims' article, "How to Speed Justice," in the May FORUM:

. . . I have been deeply interested in the work of the New York Committee on Administration of Justice, in which Mr. Nims has played a large part, and believe that the reports of that Committee have an importance far greater than is gener-

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OUR ROSTRUM

ally realized. . . . Legal reform needs popular support to become effective, and Mr. Nims and THE FORUM are doing a real service in calling attention to the existing defects in the administration of justice and the ways out.

A bill providing that the Municipal Court in New York City may try cases involving not more than $50 without the technical rules of evidence and procedure required in larger cases has been passed by the New York State Legislature. It was first recommended by the Committee on Administration of Justice; Governor Lehman laid particular emphasis on the need for its passage in a special message to the Legislature; the Senate promptly approved it. A long delay ensued, while the Rules Committee of the Assembly refused even to report it out. Eventually, however, the lower house voted its enactment, and at this writing all that is necessary for its incorporation into statute is the Governor's signature.

THE MILK PROBLEM

To the Editor:

. . . I have written an article on the milk situation which will appear next week in *The New Republic*. Your longer article on milk ["The Milk Mess," Charles H. Melish] in the May issue of THE FORUM pleases me exceedingly, since it agrees with my analysis and provides besides some revealing figures which I did not have.

EMILY STEVENS MACLACHLAN
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Representative F. J. Sisson, of New York, a member of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, writes:

I have read Mr. Melish's article and approve of it most heartily.

It would be a splendid thing to get it in the *Record* . . . in order to do this it is necessary to obtain unanimous consent, and a single objection will keep it out.

There have been objections made lately, in almost every instance, to requests for inserting in the *Record* anything other than speeches made by members of Congress. Personally, I think there are many things of quite as much if not more value than many of our own speeches.

I shall talk with Congressman Kopplemann about this, and we will see if we cannot bring it about. I am sure it would help us in our effort to secure favorable consideration and passage of the Kopplemann Resolution.

From Nathan Koenig, Assistant Chief of the Press Section of the Department of Agriculture:

I thought you might be interested to know that the House Committee on Foreign and Interstate Commerce yesterday reported out favorably to the House of

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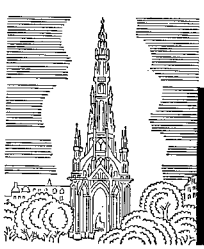

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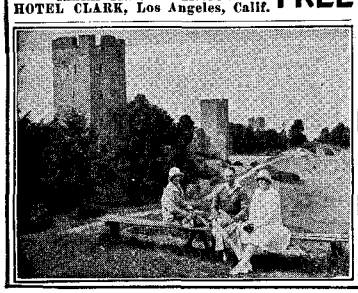

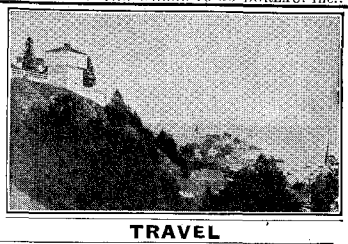

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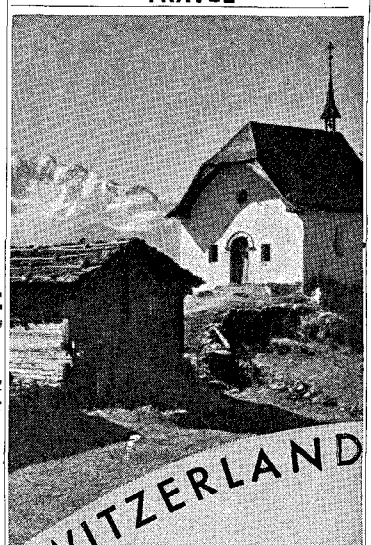

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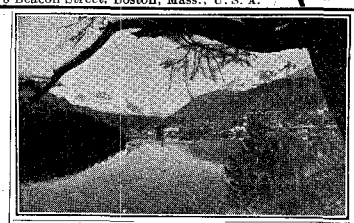

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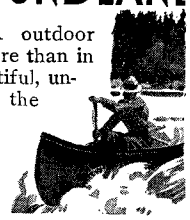

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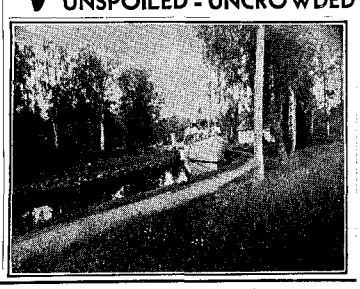

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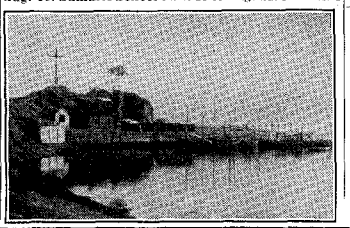

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RADIO QUESTIONNAIRE

THE FORUM is anxious to find out how its readers feel toward radio entertainment and the proposals for radio reform made by Cyrus Fisher in "Clear the Air!—A Listeners' Guide to a Radio Revolution." The Editor will appreciate your co-operation in filling out the following questionnaire:

1. *What radio stations do you and your family listen to regularly?* . . . . . .

. . . . . .

2. *What radio stations in your estimation produce the most consistently entertaining programs? (Please list in order of merit.)* . . . . . .

. . . . . .

3. *What type of radio entertainment do you and your family enjoy most? (Please give a specific example.)* . . . . . .

. . . . . .

4. *Are you in favor of the methods advocated by Cyrus Fisher for improving radio entertainment?* . . . . . .

5. *Would you be willing to pay a nominal yearly tax on your radio set to insure a higher quality of radio entertainment?* . . . . . .

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OUR ROSTRUM

Representatives the Kopplemann Resolution calling for a Federal Trade Commission investigation of the milk-distributing industry. . . .

Your milk story in THE FORUM has created much favorable comment, and has been read with interest by many persons here interested in a solution. . . .

THE NATURE OF PRAYER

To the Editor:

. . . I have read the article, "Can Prayer Be Answered?" [May FORUM] with the keenest interest. Mrs. Austin turns aside from the traditional and the highly organized conceptions of prayer and, following Indian procedure, comes by what seems to me a curious twist of reasoning to the affirmation that instead of a God at the heart of things there is a Principle accessible to man, responsive to him, and workable. . . . If that is not a person, one wonders what personality can possibly be. Her first article is surely a reverent and revealing exploration of primitive ideas of prayer, in which there are doubtless abiding elements. Perhaps in her second article she will present her reflections upon the apostolic picture of prayer, which is so completely devoid of the worships of saints and which to many of us is the norm of the experience and procedure of prayer.

. . . Needless to say, such an article by such a writer brings us face to face with an engaging and uplifting and perennial theme. Is the Christian conception of God the Infinite Spirit radically different from the primitive Indian idea of a Great Spirit?

WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES
Newark, N. J.

MEXICO CITY SEMINAR

The Editor of THE FORUM, *as Vice Chairman of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, announces its ninth annual seminar, in Mexico City, July 10 to 30. One of the leaders this year will be Diego Rivera, the painter, whose murals for Rockefeller Center were reproduced in the April* FORUM. *An attractive program, as usual; moderate rates. Address The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, Inc., 112 East 19th Street, New York City.*

FORUM GRADUATE

Readers of THE FORUM *in the year 1922–23, when Mr. Ronald Tree was Managing Editor, will be interested to hear that he has begun his career as a British citizen by winning a seat in the House of Commons.*

THE LOURDES "MIRACLES"

To the Editor:

I have read Dr. Dunbar's article ["What Happens at Lourdes?" April FORUM] with great pleasure and interest.

As a physician I should say it is extremely descriptive and should be of great value to lay readers, although from a scientific point of view many medical details, which naturally would not fit into an article of this sort, are omitted.

Her evaluation of the cures is restrained and yet states the case with great clearness and impartiality. It agrees so well with my own ideas about the part the emotional factors play in our daily life that I am quite enthusiastic. . . .

EDWIN G. ZABRISKIE
New York, N. Y.

IN PRAISE OF A NEW FEATURE

To the Editor:

I think that the idea ["A Calendar of Controversy"] is a splendid one and should prove to be very interesting, provided it does not carry too heavy a proportion of subjects of a political nature.

HARRY A. ALPERT
New York, N. Y.

GERMANY AND THE JEWS

To the Editor:

I picked up a copy of THE FORUM, November issue, where I found your very good Editorial Foreword ["Gnothi Seauton"]. . . . Then I bought the January issue, with an article by Albert Brandt, "Germany Rearms," where the writer . . . says very silly things. . . . I am a Jew myself — Swiss — but I am not for overdoing the hatred against Germany or any country by stirring up the sentiments of one people against others.

I left Germany last year but I must say that Germany is right in arming. If she arms secretly she is not to blame. Everybody around her is armed to the teeth; why should she be less? You Americans have thrown off the chains of oppression of the British crown and made Washington your national hero; Germany is in a similar fix now — she is oppressed by the chains of Versailles. The arming of Washington was hero stuff, but the arming of Germany is treason — according to Mr. Brandt in particular and to your press in general. Where is your common sense? Instead of infusing discredit and hatred against other peoples into the minds of your public, your press would serve mankind better by writing something sensible to show the world how much better it would be to take away from Germany the chains of Versailles before she throws them off. . . . You Yanks are not very beloved in the world, and if there is a country in Europe friendly toward you I should say it is Germany. It is all right for you to hand out information to your reading public, but let this information be guided by justice and respect to everybody and not by falsehood and hatred.

KARL MAYER
Santiago de Cuba

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